CT 1098
.H4 F4

1833

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

CASPAR HAUSER.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF AN INDIVIDUAL KEPT IN A DUNGEON, SEPARATED FROM ALL COMMUNICATION WITH THE WORLD, FROM EARLY CHILDHOOD TO ABOUT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

DRAWN UP FROM LEGAL DOCUMENTS.

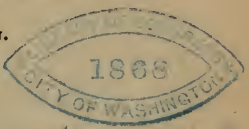
BY ANSELM VON FEUERBACH,
President of one of the Bavarian Courts of Appeal, &c.

Righteous Heaven, who has permitted
All this wo; what fatal crime,
Was by me, e'en at the time
Of my hapless birth, committed.

SIGISMUND.
In Calderon's Life, a Dream.

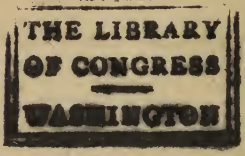
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

SECOND EDITION.



BOSTON:
ALLEN AND TICKNOR.
1833.

CT1098
.H4F4
1833



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1832,
By Allen and Ticknor,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of
Massachusetts.

I. R. BUTTS, SCHOOL STREET.

DEDICATION.

TO HIS LORDSHIP, THE EARL OF STANHOPE,

Peer of Great Britain, &c.

To no one could this dedication have been addressed with greater propriety than to your Lordship; in whose person, Providence has appointed to the youth, without childhood and boyhood, a paternal friend and powerful protector. Beyond the sea, in fair old England, you have prepared for him a secure retreat, until the rising sun of truth shall have dispersed the darkness which still hangs over his mysterious fate; perhaps, in the remainder of his half murdered life, he may yet hope for days, for the sake of which, he will no longer regret his having seen the light of this world. For such a deed, none but the genius of humanity can recompense YOU.

In the vast desert of the present times, when

the hearts of individuals are more and more shrivelled and parched by the fires of selfish passions, to have met once more with a real man, is one of the most pleasing and indelibly impressive occurrences which have adorned the evening scenery of my life.

With inmost veneration and love, I am,
your Lordship's most obedient servant,

VON FEUERBACH.

PREFACE.

In offering the following pages to the public, it will be necessary to say but a very few words on the subject of them, or of their distinguished German author and the American translator, in order to show the peculiar claims, which they have to the attention of the reader. Caspar Hauser, the subject of this work, is the individual of whom many persons will recollect to have seen, some years ago, an account in the papers of the day. He was then represented as having been found in Nuremberg in a state, which threw the greatest mystery over his previous life. Hauser was at that time, about sixteen or seventeen years old, had never learned to speak, and soon showed that he had been shut out during his whole life from all communication with the world. A narrow, dark dungeon, in which he was always

obliged to remain in a sitting posture, so that even his bones had assumed a peculiar shape, had been all the space allowed to the unhappy being in this wide world; water and coarse bread, all the food he had ever tasted; a shirt, all his clothing; and now and then stripes, inflicted by the unseen hand of his fiendish keeper, when he happened to make a noise — all he knew of any being besides himself. He was but just allowed to vegetate — and what a wretched vegetation! in his forlorn condition.

Great pains, as the reader will see, have been taken, without success, to raise the veil of mystery hanging over this foul transaction, continued even by an attempt to murder the youth, when it was falsely reported in the newspapers, that he was occupied with writing his biography. But the great attention, which was thus directed to him has, though unsuccessful as to the detection of the perpetrators of the crime, not been without its fruits, and it may be easily imagined, how interesting must be a faithful account, like the following, of the process of physical and intellectual acclimatisation to life, if we may be allowed to use this expression, which a youth must undergo to fit him for society —

for life and light, after his soul, intellect and body had been left from his birth dormant and undeveloped — abandoned to perfect solitude. Light had never shone upon this being, neither on his eye, nor on his soul ; and when he emerged from his lonesome darkness, he was like a new born child in respect to all which must be acquired by experience, whilst the instruments for acquiring that experience, the natural faculties, of course differed from those of a child so far as they are affected by the mere age or growth of the individual. Thus he presented an opportunity for observation of the highest interest to the psychological and moral philosopher, the religious teacher, the physiologist and physician — an opportunity which must be as rare as the crime which has afforded it.

Uncommonly attractive, however, as the account of this interesting individual must prove to every reflecting reader, whether he considers particularly the moral, the intellectual or physical condition of the being described, its value is much enhanced to the lawyer by the legal point of view in which its philosophical and eminent author in one part of the work examines his subject as constituting a species of crime, never yet duly treated by

any code or legislation — a view, forcibly expressed in the title of the German original, which is thus, *Kaspar Hauser, Beispiel eines Verbrechens am Seelenleben des Menschen,** which, literally translated, would be, K. H. An Instance of a Crime against the Life of the Soul (the Development of all its intellectual, moral and immortal parts) of man. We are sorry not to be able to preserve this title in English, the reasons for which however, are obvious. Mr Von Feuerbach is well known, as one of the most distinguished jurists of the age, both for his extensive learning and the philosophical acuteness displayed in his numerous works, chiefly on penal law. He, moreover, drew up the penal code of Bavaria, and is at this time president of one of the Bavarian courts of appeal.† Nothing indifferent can come from his pen, nothing doubtful be guaranteed by his name; and it is hardly necessary to add that the whole account is founded on official documents, wherever it pretends to give positive facts, and that

* Ansbach, 1832.

† A sketch of Mr Von Feuerbach's life, and an enumeration of his principal works may be found in the *Encyclopædia Americana*.

the only duty of those who offer a work of so eminent an author to the public of another country, is to give an exact translation.

In conclusion, we would mention that the translator of this work is the same gentleman, who has done himself so much credit by an English version of Mr Cousin's History of Philosophy,* a task of no common difficulty, and yet so successfully performed as to be a pledge for the faithful executionof the present work. FRANCIS LIEBER.

Boston, Nov. 1832.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION. Though but a few months have elapsed since the first edition of this work was issued, a second one is called for, which we herewith offer to the public, adding that no changes, except the correction of a few errata, have been made in it. F. L.

* Introduction to the History of Philosophy by Victor Cousin, Professor of Philosophy. Translated from the French by Henning Gottfried Linberg. Boston, 1832.

CASPAR HAUSER.

CHAPTER I.

Whitmonday is at Nuremberg a day of great festivity; when most of its inhabitants sally forth from the city, and disperse themselves in the neighboring country and villages. The appearance of the city, which, in consequence of the present scantiness of its population, is very straggling, reminds us on such occasions, and particularly in fine spring weather, rather of an enchanted city in the desert, than of an active, bustling, manufacturing town; and many secret deeds may, in situations remote from its centre, then be done publicly, without ceasing to be secret.

It was on Whitmonday, the 26th of May, 1828, in the evening between four and five o'clock, that the following occurrence took place.

A citizen, who lived at the so called Un-

schlitt place, near the small and little frequented Haller gate, was still loitering before his door, and was about to proceed upon his intended ramble through the new gate, when, looking around him, he remarked at a little distance a young man in a peasant's dress, who was standing in a very singular posture, and, like an intoxicated person, was endeavoring to move forward, without being fully able either to stand upright or to govern the movements of his legs. The citizen approached the stranger, who held out to him a letter, directed "To his honor the Captain of the 4th Esgataron of the Shwolishay regiment. Nuremberg." As the Captain, apparently referred to, lived near the Newgate, the citizen took the strange youth along with him to the guard room, whence the latter was conducted to the dwelling of Captain von W. who at that time commanded the 4th squadron of the 6th regiment of Chevaux legers, and who lived in the neighborhood.* The stranger advanced towards

* The depositions concerning what passed while Caspar and the above mentioned citizen were on their way from the Unschlitt place to the guard room and thence to Captain von W———'s dwelling, are so defec-

the captain's servant who opened the door, with his hat on his head and the letter in his

tive, so unsatisfactory, and withal so apocryphical, that I have thought proper to reduce their contents within a very narrow compass. Thus, for instance, the citizen mentioned before has deposed, that, after many attempts to enter into conversation with Caspar, and after having asked him several questions, he at length perceived that Caspar neither knew nor had the least conception of what he meant, and that he therefore ceased to speak to him. From this circumstance it would appear, that Caspar's conduct towards him was the same as it was the same evening, at Captain von W——'s, and afterwards at the guard room; and as it continued to be for several days and weeks in succession. Nevertheless the same citizen has also stated, that Caspar had replied to the question, whence he came? "from Regensburg." And also, that when they came to the new gate, Caspar had said; "that has just been built since they call it the new gate," &c. That witness fully believes that he heard such expressions, appears to me to be as certain, as that Caspar never said any such thing. This is fully proved by all that follows. For it is highly probable that the words which Caspar repeatedly uttered "Reuta waehn wie mein Votta waehn is," may have thus been understood by his conductor, who would scarcely have paid much attention to the words of such a simpleton as he conceived him to be. But upon the whole, the official documents showing the proceedings of the police on this occasion prove, that they have been so irregular that the depositions taken contain so

hand, with the following words: " ae sechtene möcht ih waehn, wie mei Votta waehn is." The servant asked him what he wanted? who he was? whence he came? But the stranger appeared to understand none of these questions; and his only reply was a repetition of the words " ae sechtene möcht ih waehn, wie mei Votta waehn is," or " wo as nit." He was, as the captain's servant declared in his deposition, so much fatigued that he could scarcely be said to walk, but rather to stagger. Weeping, and with the expression of excessive pain, he pointed to his feet, which were sinking under him; and he appeared to be suffering from hunger and thirst. A small piece of meat was handed to him; but scarcely had the first morsel touched his lips, when he shuddered, the muscles of his face were seized with convulsive spasms, and, with visible horror he spit it out. He showed the same marks of aversion when a glass of beer was brought to him, and he had tasted a few drops of it. A bit

many contradictions that the witnesses have been so slightly examined, and that many of their assertions contain anachronisms which are so very palpable; that these documents cannot, without much caution, be admitted as genuine sources of historical truth.

of bread and a glass of fresh water, he swallowed greedily and with extreme satisfaction. In the meantime, all attempts to gain any information respecting his person or his arrival were altogether fruitless. He seemed to hear without understanding, to see without perceiving, and to move his feet without knowing how to use them for the purpose of walking. His language consisted mostly of tears, moans, and unintelligible sounds, or of the words, which he frequently repeated: "Reuta wähn, wie mei Votta wähn is." In the Captain's house, he was soon taken for a kind of savage, and, in expectation of the captain's return, he was conducted to the stable, where he immediately stretched himself on the straw, and fell into a profound sleep.

He had already slept for some hours, when the Captain returned and went directly to his stable, in order to see the savage human being of whom his children, at his first entrance, had related so many strange things. He still lay in a profound sleep. Attempts were made to awaken him; he was jogged, he was shaken and thumped, but all to no purpose. They raised him from the ground, and en-

deavored to place him on his feet. But he still continued to sleep, and seemed, like a person apparently dead, to be distinguishable from one who is really so, only by his vital heat. At length, after many troublesome and painful experiments upon the sleeper's capacity of feeling, he opened his eyes, he awoke, he gazed at the bright colors of the Captain's glittering uniform which he seemed to regard with childish satisfaction, and then groaned out his " Reuta, &c." Captain von W—— knew nothing of the stranger, nor could he learn anything relating to him from the letter which he had brought. And as, by questioning, nothing could be got out of him but, " Reuta wähn, &c : " or " woas nit ; " nothing remained to be done, but to leave the solution of this riddle and the care of the stranger's person to the city police. He was accordingly sent forthwith to the police office.

At about 8 o'clock in the evening his journey thither, which, in his situation, was a course of martyrdom, was accomplished. In the guard room, besides some of the inferior magistrates, several soldiers of the police were present. All of them regarded the strange lad as a most extraordinary phenom-

enon. Nor was it easy to decide to which of the common rubricks of police business his case appertained. The common official questions, what is your name? what is your business? whence came you? for what purpose are you come? where is your passport? and the like, were here of no avail. "Ae Reuta waehn wie mei Votta waehn is," or; "woas nit, "or, which he also often repeated in a lamentable tone, "hoam weissa!" were the only words which, on the most diverse occasions he uttered.*

He appeared neither to know nor to suspect where he was. He betrayed neither fear, nor astonishment, nor confusion; he rather showed an almost brutish dulness, which either leaves external objects entirely unnoticed, or stares at them without thought, and suffers them to pass without being effected by them. His tears and whimpering, while he was always pointing to his tottering feet, and his awkward, and at the same time

* To these expressions and particularly, "Rueta, waehn," &c, he attached, as was afterwards discovered, no particular meaning. They were only sounds, which had been taught him like a parrot, and which he uttered as the common expressions of all his ideas, sensations and desires.

childish demeanor soon excited the compassion of all who were present. A soldier brought him a piece of meat and a glass of beer; but, as at the house of Captain von W——, he rejected both with abhorrence, and ate only bread with fresh water. Another person gave him a piece of coin. At this he showed the joy of a little child; played with it and by several times crying ross, ross, [horse, horse] as well as by certain motions of his hands, he seemed to express his wish to hang this coin about the neck of some horse. His whole conduct and demeanor, seemed to be that of a child scarcely two or three years old, with the body of a young man.

The only difference of opinion that seemed to exist among the greater part of these police men, was, whether he should be considered as an idiot or a madman, or as a kind of savage. One or two of them expressed, however, a doubt, whether, under the appearance of this boy some cunning deceiver might not possibly be concealed. This suspicion received no small degree of confirmation from the following circumstance. Some person thought of trying whether he could

write ; and handing him a pen with ink, laid a sheet of paper before him with an intimation that he should write. This appeared to give him pleasure, he took the pen, by no means awkwardly, between his fingers, and wrote, to the astonishment of all who were present, in legible characters, the name, *Kaspar Hauser.*

He was now told to add also the name of the place whence he came. But he did nothing more than occasionally to groan out, his "Reuta waehn," &c, his "hoam weissa," and his "woas nit."

As nothing more could be done, for the present, he was delivered to a servant of the police, who conducted him to the tower at the Vestner gate, which is used as a place of confinement for rogues, and vagabonds, &c. Upon this comparatively short way he sank down groaning at almost every step, if, indeed, his groping movements may be called steps. Having reached the small apartment in which, together with another prisoner of the police, he was confined, he sank down immediately upon his straw bed, in a profound sleep.

CHAPTER II.

Caspar Hauser—this name he has hitherto retained — wore upon his head, when he came to Nuremberg, a round and rather coarse felt hat, shaped like those worn in cities, lined with yellow silk, and bound with red leather, inside of which a picture of the city of Munchen, half scratched out, was still visible. The toes of his naked feet peeped forth from a pair of high heeled boots, shod with iron shoes and nails, which were much torn and did not fit him. Around his neck was tied a black silk neck cloth. Over a coarse shirt,* and a half faded red spotted stuff waistcoat he wore a sort of jacket, such

* Which imprudently, together with the boots, was, as was asserted, on account of their bad condition, thrown away very soon after this occurrence took place. So little attention was paid to things which, in point of circumstantial evidence, might have become highly important.

as are commonly worn by country folks, and called janker or schalk, but which, as was afterwards proved by a more minute inspection of it and by the declaration of competent judges, was not originally cut out by the tailor for a peasant jacket. It had formerly, as also appears from the cut of its cape, been a frock coat, of which the skirts had been cut off and the upper part sewed up with coarse stitches by a hand unaccustomed to tailor's work. Also the pantaloons which were made of gray cloth of a somewhat finer quality, and which, like overalls for riding, were lined between the legs with the same cloth, seemed originally to have belonged rather to some footman, groom, or forester, than to a peasant. Caspar wore a white handkerchief with red crossed stripes, marked in red with the initials K. H. Besides some blue and white figured rags, a key of german manufacture, and a paper of gold sand — which no one surely would look for in a peasant's cottage— there were found in his pocket a small horn rosary, and a pretty considerable store of spiritual wealth, viz. besides manuscript catholic prayers, several printed, spiritual publi-

cations, such as, in the south of Germany and particularly at places to which pilgrims resort, are commonly offered in exchange for good money, to the faithful multitude. In some, the places where they were printed were not named. Others appeared to have been printed at Altöttingen, Burghausen, Salzburg, and Prague. Their edifying titles were, for instance, "Spiritual sentinel,"— "Spiritual forget me not" — "A very powerful prayer by virtue of which one may participate in the benefits of all holy masses," &c: — "Prayer to the holy guardian angel," — Prayer to the holy blood," &c. One of these precious little spiritual works, entitled: "The art of regaining lost time and years misspent" (without mentioning the year of publication) seems to contain a scoffing allusion to the life which this youth, according to what he afterwards related, had hitherto led. Judging from these spiritual donations, there can be no doubt, that the hands concerned in this transaction were not exclusively secular. The letter addressed, without naming him, to the Captain of the fourth Squadron of the sixth regiment of Chevaux-legers, which

Caspar held in his hand when he first appeared in Nuremberg, runs as follows :*

"From a place, near the Bavarian frontier which shall be nameless, 1828.

"HIGH AND WELL BORN CAPTAIN!

"I send you a boy who wishes faithfully to serve his king. This boy was left in my house the 7th day of October, 1812; and I am myself a poor day laborer, who have also ten children and have enough to do to maintain my own family. The mother of the child only put him in my house for the sake of having him brought up. But I have never been able to discover who his mother is; nor have I ever given information to the provincial court that such a child was placed in my house. I thought I ought to receive him as my son. I have given him a christian

* This letter agrees in the German original literally with the manuscript alluded to; which, from its style and orthography, appears evidently to have been intended to pass for the production of some ignorant peasant. No attempt has been made by the translator to retain, in this respect, its original character. It has been simply translated into plain English, according to what appeared to be the most obvious signification of the words, whose meaning however is not in all its parts perfectly intelligible.

education; and since 1812 I have never suffered him to take a single step out of my house. So that no one knows where he was brought up. Nor does he know either the name of my house or where it is. You may ask him, but he cannot tell you. I have already taught him to read and write, and he writes my handwriting exactly as I do. And when we asked him what he would be, he said he would be one of the Chevaux-legers, as his father was. If he had had parents different from what he has, he would have become a learned lad. If you show him anything, he learns it immediately. I have only showed him the way to Neumark, whence he was to go to you. I told him, that when he had once become a soldier I should come to take him home, or I should lose my head. Good Mr Captain, you need not try him; he does not know the place where I am. I took him away in the middle of the night, and he knows not the way home.

"I am your most obedient servant. I do not sign my name, for I might be punished. He has not a kreutzer of money; because I have none myself. If you do not keep him,

you may get rid of him, or let him be scrambled for."

With this letter, which was written in German characters, the following note, written in Latin characters, but evidently by the same hand, was inclosed :

" The child is already baptised. You must give him a surname yourself. You must educate the child. His father was one of the Chevaux-legers. When he is 17 years old send him to Nuremberg to the sixth Chevaux-leger regiment, for there his father also was. I ask for his education until he is seventeen years old. He was born the 30th of April, 1812. I am a poor girl and cannot support him. His father is dead."

Caspar Hauser* was, when he appeared at Nuremberg, four feet nine inches in height and about from sixteen to seventeen years old. His chin and lips were very thinly covered with down; the so called

* The following description of his person is not taken from the records of the police, where it was not to be found; but from my own observations and from the witten notes of persons on whom full reliance may be placed.

wisdom teeth were yet wanting; nor did they make their appearance before the year 1831. His light brown hair, which was very fine and curled in ringlets, was cut according to the fashion of peasants. The structure of his body, which was stout and broad shouldered, showed perfect symmetry without any visible defect. His skin was fine and very fair; his complexion was not florid, but neither was it of a sickly hue; his limbs were delicately built; his small hands were beautifully formed; and his feet, which showed no marks of ever before having been confined or pressed by a shoe, were equally so. The soles of his feet, which were without any horny skin, were as soft as the palms of his hands; and they were covered all over with blood blisters, the marks of which were some months later still visible. Both his arms showed the scars of inoculation; and on his right arm, a wound still covered with a fresh scab was observable, which, as Caspar afterwards related, was occasioned by a blow given him with a stick or a piece of wood by the man "with whom he had always been," because he had made rather too much noise. His face was at that time very vulgar: when

in a state of tranquillity it was almost without any expression; and its lower features, being somewhat prominent, gave him a brutish appearance. The staring look of his blue but clear and bright eyes had also an expression of brutish obtuseness.* The formation of his face altered in a few months almost entirely; his countenance gained expression and animation, the prominent lower features of his face receded more and more, and his earlier physiognomy could scarcely any longer be recognised. His weeping was at first only an ugly contortion of his mouth; but, if anything pleasant affected his mind, a lovely, smiling, heart winning sweetness diffused over all his features the irresistible charm that lies concealed in the joy of an innocent child. He scarcely at all knew how to use his hands and fingers. He stretched out his fingers, stiff and straight and far asunder, with the exception of his first finger and

* The author expressed at that time, his wish that Caspar's picture might be taken by a skilful portrait painter; because he felt assured that his features would soon alter. His wish was not gratified, but his prediction was very soon fulfilled.

thumb, whose tips he commonly held together so as to form a circle. Where others applied but a few fingers he used his whole hand in the most uncouth and awkward manner imaginable. His gait, like that of an infant making its first essays in leading strings, was properly speaking not a walk but rather a waddling, tottering, groping of the way, — a painful medium between the motion of falling and the endeavor to stand upright. In attempting to walk, instead of first treading firmly on his heel, he placed his heels and the balls of his feet at once to the ground, and raising both feet simultaneously with an inclination of the upper part of his body, he stumbled slowly and heavily forward, with out-stretched arms, which he seemed to use as balance poles. The slightest impediment in his way caused him often, in his little chamber, to fall flat on the floor. For a long time after his arrival he could not go up or down stairs without assistance. And even now, it is still impossible for him to stand on one foot and to raise, to bend, or to stretch the other, without falling down. The following results of a medical examina-

tion of the body of Caspar Hauser, made by order of a court of justice in the year 1830, furnish us with the following highly interesting data which throw much light upon the circumstances of his life.

" The knee," says Dr Osterhausen in his report, " exhibits a remarkable deviation from the usual formation. In the natural structure of the part, the patilla or kneepan forms a prominence anteriorly during the extension of the leg. But in Hauser it lay in a considerable depression. In a limb naturally formed, the four extensor muscles of the leg, the vastus externus and the vastus internus, the rectus femoris and the crureus are attached by a common tendon to a protuberance of the tibia or shin bone, after having formed an intimate connexion with the kneepan. But in Hauser the tendon was divided ; and the two tendons of the external and internal vasti muscles proceeded separately down the leg to the outer and inner sides of the tubercle of the tibia, and were inserted below the tubercle into this bone. Between these two tendons lay the patilla. This unusual formation of the part, together with a remarkable

developement of the two tendons, occasioned the depression in which the patilla was situated. When Hauser sits down, with the thigh and leg extended horizontally on the floor, the back forms a right angle with the flexure of the thigh, and the knee joint lies extended so close to the floor that not the smallest hollow is perceptible in the ham. A common playing card could scarcely be thrust between the ham and the floor."

CHAPTER III.

The surprise occasioned by Caspar Hauser's first appearance soon settled down into the form of a dark and horrid enigma, to explain which various conjectures were resorted to. By no means an ideot or a madman, he was so mild, so obedient and so good-natured, that no one could be tempted to regard this stranger as a savage, or as a child grown up among the wild beasts of the forest. And yet he was so entirely destitute of words and conceptions, he was so totally unacquainted with the most common objects and daily occurrences of nature, and he showed so great an indifference, nay, such an abhorrence, to all the usual customs, conveniences, and necessaries of life; and at the same time he evinced such extraordinary peculiarities in all the characteristics of his mental, moral and physical existence, as seemed to leave us

no other choice, than either to regard him as the inhabitant of some other planet, miraculously transferred to the earth, or as one who, (like the man whom Plato supposes) had been born and bred under ground, and who, now that he had arrived to the age of maturity, had for the first time ascended to the surface of the earth and beheld the light of the sun.

Caspar showed continually the greatest aversion to all kinds of meat and drink, excepting dry bread and water. Without swallowing or even tasting them, the very smell of most kinds of our common food was sufficient to make him shudder or to affect him still more disagreeably. The least drop of wine, of coffee, or the like, mixed clandestinely with his water, occasioned him cold sweats, or caused him to be seized with vomiting or violent headache.*

* It is much to be regretted that in the whole city of Nuremberg not a single individual was to be found who possessed scientific curiosity sufficient to induce him to make this person the subject of physiological inquiries. Even the chemical analysis of the saliva, or other substances ejected by this young man, who had been solely fed on bread and

A certain person made, somewhere, the attempt to force some brandy upon him on pretence that it was water; scarcely had the glass been brought to his lips, when he turned pale, sunk down, and would have fallen backward against a glass door, if he had not been instantly supported. — Once when the prison keeper had prevailed upon him to take some coffee in his mouth, although he could scarcely have swallowed a single drop of it, his bowels were in consequence thereof repeatedly affected. — A few drops of beer made of malted wheat, though much diluted with water, gave him a violent pain in his stomach, accompanied with so great a heat that he was all over dripping with perspiration; which was succeeded by an ague attended with headache and violent eructa-

water, might alone have furnished many not unimportant scientific results; which results would at the same time have verified, as it were with intuitive certainty, the highly important juridical fact that Caspar had been really fed on nothing but bread and water. But at the time when the judicial authorities, after many fruitless endeavors on their part, were at length placed in a proper situation to engage in the examination of Hauser's case, every opportunity of making amends for what had been lost by such omissions had long passed by.

tions. — Even milk, whether boiled or fresh, was unpalatable to him, and caused him disgusting eructations. — Some meat was once concealed in his bread; he smelt it immediately, and expressed a great aversion to it, but he was nevertheless prevailed upon to eat it; and he felt afterwards extremely ill in consequence of having done so. During the night, which, with him, commenced regularly with the setting, and ended with the rising of the sun, he lay upon his straw bed; in the day time he sat upon the floor with his legs stretched out straight before him. When in the first days, he saw for the first time a lighted candle placed before him he was delighted with the shining flame, and unsuspectingly put his fingers into it; but he soon drew it back, crying out and weeping. Feigned cuts and thrusts were made at him with a naked sabre, in order to try what might be their effect upon him; but he remained immoveable, without even winking; nor did he seem to harbor the least suspicion that any harm could thus be done to him.*

* It is even said that by way of an amusing experiment, a pistol or some other piece of fire arms was once discharged at him.

When a looking glass was once held before him, he caught at his own reflected image, and then looked behind it to find the person whom he supposed to be concealed there. Like a little child, he endeavored to lay hold on every glittering object that he saw; and when he could not reach it, or when he was forbidden to touch it, he cried. Some days after his arrival, Caspar was conducted, under the escort of two police men, around the city, in order to discover whether he could recognise the gate through which he had entered. But, as might have been foreseen, he knew not how to distinguish the one from the other; and, upon the whole, he appeared to take no notice whatsoever of what was passing before his eyes. When objects were brought more than ordinarily near to him, he gazed at them with a stupid look, which, only in particular instances, was expressive of curiosity and astonishment. He was in possession of only two words which he occasionally used for the purpose of designating living creatures. Whatever appeared to him in a human form he called, without any distinction of sex or age, "bua;" and to every

animal that he met with, whether quadruped or biped, dog, cat, goose, or fowl, he gave the name of "ross" (horse.) If such horses were *white* he appeared to be pleased; *black* animals were regarded by him with aversion and fear. A black hen, advancing towards him, once put him in great fear; he cried out, and, though his feet refused to perform their office, he made every effort to run away from her.

Not only his mind but many of his senses appeared at first to be in a state of torpor, and only gradually to open to the perception of external objects. It was not before the lapse of several days that he began to notice the striking of the steeple clock, and the ringing of the bells. This threw him into the greatest astonishment, which at first was expressed only by his listening looks and by certain spasmodic motions of his countenance; but it was soon succeeded by a stare of benumbed meditation. Some weeks afterwards the nuptial procession of a peasant passed by the tower with a band of music close under his window. He suddenly stood listening, motionless as a statue; his counten-

ance appeared to be transfigured, and his eyes as it were to radiate his ecstasy; his ears and eyes seemed continually to follow the movements of the sounds as they receded more and more; and they had long ceased to be audible, while he still continued immovably fixed in a listening posture, as if unwilling to lose the last vibrations of these, to him, celestial notes, or as if his soul had followed them and left its body behind it, in torpid insensibility. Certainly not by way of making any very judicious trial of Caspar's musical taste, this being, whose extraordinary nervous excitability was already sufficiently apparent, was once, at a military parade, placed very near to the great regimental drum. He was so powerfully affected by its first sounds, as to be immediately thrown into convulsions, which rendered his instantaneous removal necessary.

Among the many remarkable phenomena which appeared in Caspar's conduct, it was soon observed that the idea of *horses* and particularly of *wooden horses*, was one which in his eyes must have acquired no small degree of importance. The word "Ross"

(horse) appeared in his dictionary, which contained scarcely half a dozen words, to fill the greatest space. This word he pronounced on the most diverse occasions, more frequently than any other, and often indeed with tears in his eyes, and with a plaintive, beseeching tone of voice, which seemed to express a longing for some particular horse. Whenever any trifle, as for instance a glittering coin, a ribbon, a little picture, &c, was given him, he cried: "Ross! Ross!" and notified by his looks and motions his wish to hang all these pretty things upon a horse. Caspar, who—not indeed to any great advantage of his mental development, or to the making of such accurate observations on his peculiarities as the rarity of such a phenomenon rendered desirable—was daily conducted to the guard room of the police, became there as it were domesticated, and gained the good will and affection of all its constant attendants. The words "Ross! Ross!" which, also here, he so often repeated, suggested to one of the police soldiers, who had always taken the most notice of this singular amalgamation of adolescence and

childhood, the idea of bringing him, at the guard room, a toy of a wooden horse. Caspar, who had hitherto on almost all occasions showed the greatest insensibility and indifference, and who generally seemed much dejected, appeared now to be as it were suddenly transformed, and conducted himself as if he had found in this little horse an old and long desired friend. Without noisy demonstrations of joy, but with a countenance smiling in his tears, he immediately seated himself on the floor by the side of the horse, stroked it, patted it, kept his eyes immovably fixed upon it, and endeavored to hang upon it all the variegated, glittering and tinkling trifles which the benevolence of those about him had presented to him. Only now that he could decorate his little horse with them, all these things appeared to have acquired their true value. When the hour arrived when he was to leave the police guard room, he endeavored to lift up the horse, in order to take it along with him ; and he wept bitterly when he found that his arms and legs were so weak that he could not lift

his favorite over the threshold of the door.* Whenever he afterwards returned to the guard room, he immediately placed himself on the floor by the side of his dear little horse, without paying the least attention to the people who were about him. "For hours together," said one of the police soldiers in the declaration which he afterwards made before the police court, "Caspar sat playing with his horse by the side of the stove, without attending in the least to anything that passed around him or by his side."

But also in the tower, in his small chamber and sitting room, he was soon supplied not only with one but with several horses. These horses were henceforward, whenever he was at home, his constant companions and playmates, which he never suffered to be removed from his side, of which he never lost sight, and with which — as could

* He was for a long time afterwards, extremely weak in his arms as well as in his feet. It was not before the month of September, 1828, after he had already commenced to eat meat, that his strength was, by continued exercise, so far increased, as to enable him to lift a weight of twentyfive pounds with both his hands a little way from the ground.

be observed through a concealed opening made in the door — he continually employed himself. Every day, every hour resembled the other in this, that all of them were passed by Caspar sitting on the floor by the side of his horses, with his legs stretched out before him, and continually employed in ornamenting them one way or another, with ribbons and strings, or with bits of colored paper, sometimes bedecking them with coins, bells, and spangles, and sometimes appearing to be immersed in the thought how this decoration might be varied by successively placing these articles in different positions. He also often dragged his horses backwards and forwards by his side, without changing his place or altering his position; yet this was done silently and very carefully, for fear, as he afterwards said, that the rolling of the wheels might make a noise and he might be beaten for it. He never ate his bread without first holding every morsel of it to the mouth of some one of his horses; nor did he ever drink water without first dipping their mouths in it, which he afterwards carefully wiped off. One of these horses was of

plaster, and its mouth was consequently very soon softened. He could not conceive how this happened; because he perceived that the mouths of his other horses, although they also were immersed in water, remained unaltered. The prison keeper, to whom with tears in his eyes he showed the misfortune that had befallen his plaster horse, comforted him by insinuating that "this horse did not like to drink water." In consequence of this information he ceased to water it, as he believed that the horse, by this visible deformity of his mouth, indicated his dislike to water. The prison keeper, who saw what pains Caspar took to feed his horses with his bread, endeavored to make him understand that these horses could not eat. — But Caspar thought he had sufficiently refuted him by pointing to the crumbs which stuck in their mouths. — One of his horses had a bridle in its mouth which was wide open; hence he also made a bridle of gold spangles joined together for his other horse; and he took great pains to induce it to open its mouth and to let him place the bridle into it, — an attempt in which he persisted,

for two whole days with unwearied perseverance. Having once fallen asleep on a rocking horse, he fell down and squeezed his finger; upon which he complained that the horse had bitten him. — As he was once dragging one of his horses over the floor, its hind feet having got into a hole, it reared up. At this occurrence he expressed the most lively satisfaction; he afterwards frequently repeated a spectacle which appeared to him so very remarkable, and he treated all his visitors to a sight of it. When the prison keeper afterwards expressed his displeasure at his always showing the same thing to every body, he ceased indeed to do so; but he cried at his being no longer permitted to show his rearing horse. Once, when, in rearing, this horse fell down, he ran to it with precipitate tenderness, and expressed his sorrow that it had hurt itself. But he was quite inconsolable, when the prison keeper once drove a nail into one of his horses.

From this, as well as from many other circumstances, it may well be supposed, and it afterwards proved to be quite certain, that, in his infantine soul, ideas of things animate or

inanimate, organic or unorganized, or of what is produced by nature or formed by art, were still strangely mingled together.

He distinguished animals from men only by their form, as men from women only by their dress; and the clothing of the female sex was, on account of its varied and striking colors, far more pleasing to him than that of males; on which account he afterwards also frequently expressed his desire to become a girl; that is, to wear female apparel. That children should become grown people, was quite inconceivable to him; and he was particularly obstinate in denying this fact, when he was told that he himself had once been a little child, and that he would probably grow much taller than he then was. Nor was he convinced of its truth, until some months afterwards, when repeated trials, made by marking his measure upon the wall, proved to him by experience the fact of his own and indeed very rapid growth.

Not a spark of religion, not the smallest particle of any dogmatic system was to be found in his soul; how great soever the ill timed pains might be which, immediately or

in the first week after his arrival, were taken by several clergymen to seek for and to awaken them. Indeed, no animal could have shown itself more unable to comprehend, or to form any conception of what they meant by all their questions, discourses and sermons, than Caspar. All the religion that he brought with him, (if the name may without scandal be thus misapplied,) was that, with which the stupid piety of devout villains had furnished his pockets, at his first exposure in Nuremberg.

It may perhaps not be uninteresting, to hear the observations made on Caspar's conduct and demeanor, during his abode in the tower, by a plain but sensible man, the prison keeper Hiltel, who had the care of him for several weeks. His declaration contained in the protocol, as far as it relates to this subject, is to the following effect: "Soon after I had for some time silently observed the pretended Caspar Hauser, I was fully convinced that he was by no means an idiot or one who had been neglected by nature, but that he must in some inconceivable manner have been deprived of all means of culti-

vating and developing his mind. To relate all the innumerable proofs of this which are contained in various phenomena that I have observed in Hauser's conduct, would extend my narration to too great a length. During the first days of his abode with me, his conduct was precisely that of a little child, and displayed in every respect nothing but nature and innocence. On the fourth or fifth day, he was removed from the upper and more closely confined part of the tower prison to the lower story, in which I lived with my family, and he was lodged in a small chamber, which was so arranged, that I could constantly observe his movements, without his being able to perceive it. Here I have, in obedience to the orders given me by the burghermaster, frequently noticed his conduct when he was alone; and I have always found it to be perfectly uniform. He amused himself, when alone, with his playthings, in the same natural and unaffected manner as when he was in my presence. For, in the beginning, when he was once fully occupied with his playthings, it was of no consequence whatsoever what else occurred around him;

for he took not the slightest notice of it. I must however remark, that the pleasure which he thus took in childish playthings, did not continue very long. When once his mind had been directed to more serious and more useful occupations, and had become accustomed to them, he no longer took delight in playing. His whole demeanor was, so to speak, a perfect mirror of childlike innocence. There was nothing deceitful in him; his expressions exactly corresponded with the dictates of his heart, that is, as far as the poverty of his language would admit of it. When once my wife and myself undressed him, in order to cleanse his body, he gave full proof of his innocence and ignorance; his conduct, on that occasion, was precisely that of a child; quite natural and unembarrassed.*

* Not long afterwards, however, a feeling of modesty was awakened in him: and he then became as bashful as the most chaste and delicate maiden. An exposure of his person he now regards with horror. After the wild Brazilian girl Isabella, whom Messrs Spix and Martins had brought to Munchen, had lived for some time among civilized people and worn clothes, it was not without much trouble, nor yet without threats and blows, that she could be brought to undress herself that her shape might be drawn by an artist.

After he had got his playthings, and after other persons had been admitted to him, I sometimes permitted my son Julius, who is eleven years old, to go to see him. He as it were taught him to speak, showed him how to form his letters, and communicated to him such conceptions as he himself possessed. I also sometimes permitted my daughter Margaret, a little girl of three years old, to go into his room. He at first, took great delight in playing with her, and she taught him to string glass beads. This amusement ceased to give him satisfaction, as soon as he began to grow tired of inanimate playthings. During the latter part of his abode with me, he derived his greatest pleasure and amusement from drawings and copperplates, which he stuck to the walls of his chamber."

CHAPTER IV.

In a very few days after his first arrival, Caspar was no longer considered in the tower as a prisoner, but as a forsaken and neglected child, who needed to be cared for and educated. The prison keeper admitted him to his family table, where, although he would not partake of any food, yet he learned to sit in a proper manner, to use his hands as a human being and to become acquainted with and to imitate many of the customs of civilized life. Most willingly did he play with the children of the keeper; who, on their part, were by no means disinclined to amuse themselves with this good-natured youth, whose excessive ignorance was diverting, even to children. But particularly Julius, who was eleven years old, became greatly attached to Caspar, and felt his incipient vanity not a little flattered by the occupation of teaching

this robust youth, around whose chin the first rudiments of a beard had already begun to sprout — how to speak. Curiosity soon brought, every day and even every hour, multitudes of people around him, of whom few were willing to content themselves with merely gazing at the tame savage. Most of them found some means of busying themselves with him in one way or another. Some indeed, regarded him only as an object of amusement, or of experiments by no means scientifical. Yet, there were many who conversed with him rationally, and who endeavored to awaken his mind to a communication of ideas. One pronounced words and phrases which he made him repeat, another strove by signs and gestures to make unknown things known, and unintelligible things intelligible to him. Everything, even every plaything, by the gift of which the kind inhabitants of Nuremberg expressed their good will and attention to the poor youth, supplied him with new materials of thought, and tended to increase the wealth of his mind, with the acquisition of new conceptions and with the knowledge of significant sounds. Yet the

principal advantage which accrued to him from this frequent intercourse with human beings, was its tendency to awaken his mind more and more to attention, to reflection and to active thought, accordingly as his self consciousness became more clear. This, again, rendered the want of communicating his thoughts to others daily more perceptible to him; and thus, the instinctively operative and inventive teacher of languages within him, was continually kept actively employed.

About a fortnight after Caspar's arrival in Nuremberg, he was most providentially favored with a visit from the worthy professor Daumer, an intelligent young scholar, who in the kindly feelings of his humane heart discovered a peculiar vocation, to devote himself to the mental development, education and instruction of this unfortunate youth, — as far as the eager importunity of curious visitors and other impediments and interruptions permitted him to do so. Caspar would not have possessed so active a mind, so fervent a zeal to lay hold on everything that was new to him, so vivid, so youthfully powerful, and so faithfully retentive a memory,

as, to the astonishment of all, he evinced, if, with such assistance, he had not very soon learned to speak, sufficiently, at least, in some degree to express his thoughts. Yet, his first attempts to speak remained for a long time a mere chopping of words, so miserably defective and so awkwardly helpless, that it was seldom possible to ascertain, with any certainty, what he meant to express by the fragments of speech which he jumbled together. Continuity of speech or consistency of narration, was by no means to be expected from him; and much was always left to be supplied by the conjectures of the hearer. To the burgermaster, Mr Binder, Caspar was not only an object of deep interest, in as far as his humane feeilngs were concerned, but he claimed his particular attention in the performance of his official duties as the head of the police; and to this most extraordinary subject of police inquiry he devoted a very large portion of his time and attention. It was indeed sufficiently apparent, that the every-day forms of official business were ill adapted to this, by no means every-day oc-

currence ;* and that formal official inquiries and examinations could not be expected to throw any light whatsoever upon this mystery. Mr Binder therefore very properly chose, in the present case, to avoid the embarrassing restrictions of legal forms, by means of extra-official proceedings. He caused Caspar, almost every day, to be brought to his house, and made him feel, as it were, at home in his family. He conversed with him, and made him talk as well as he could ; and thus he endeavored, by frequently questioning and cross-questioning him to obtain some information concerning the events of his life, and his arrival. It was in this manner, that Mr Binder at length succeeded, or thought that he had succeeded, in extracting from isolated answers and expressions of Caspar, the materials of a history, which was, already, on the seventh of

* But then, the rash attempt ought not afterwards to have been made, to give, at a later period, to transactions which were only of a private nature, the apparent form of official inquiries ; which gives to the public documents appertaining to this case a very singular appearance.

July the same year, given to the public, in the form of an official promulgation.* This promulgation — if we may call it so — contains indeed, in many of its minute details, which have too confidently been given with unnecessary prolixity, much that is incredible and contradictory. Nor is it an easy matter to discriminate, in every particular instance, between what really appertains to the person questioned, and what in fact belongs to those who questioned him; — between what really flowed from Caspar's obscure recollections, and what, by dint of repeated questions, may have been insinuated into his mind, in such a manner, as to have been involuntarily confounded by him with things actually stored up in his memory. Many incidents mentioned, may have been supplied, or may at least have received a finish, from the conjectures of others; and the introduction of many, may even be owing to misconceptions, resulting from the impossibility of always understanding what was meant by the

* It is this promulgation, which has hitherto served for the foundation, upon which all accounts that have hitherto been given of Caspar in journals and pamphlets have been made to rest.

expressions of a half dumb human animal, so very destitute, as Caspar was at that time, of distinct conceptions of the most common objects and every-day occurrences of nature and of life. Yet, upon the whole, that is, as far as the principal and most essential facts which it relates are concerned, this historical narrative agrees perfectly with the contents of a written memoir, which was afterwards composed by Hauser himself, and sworn to by him, before a court of justice, held for the purpose of inquiring into this affair, in 1829; as it also agrees, with what he has, on different occasions, invariably related to the author and to many other persons, precisely to the same effect. The account which he gave was as follows:

" He neither knows who he is, nor where his home is. It was only at Nuremburg that he came into the world.* Here he first learnt that, besides himself and 'the man with whom he had always been,' there ex-

* An expression which he often uses to designate his exposure in Nuremburg, and his first awakening to the consciousness of mental life.

isted other men and other creatures. As long as he can recollect he had always lived in a hole, (a small low apartment which he sometimes calls a cage,) where he had always sat upon the ground, with bare feet, and clothed only with a shirt and a pair of breeches.* In his apartment he never heard a sound, whether produced by a man, by an animal, or by anything else. He never saw the heavens, nor did there ever appear a brightening (daylight) such as at Nuremberg. He never perceived any difference between day and night, and much less did he ever get a sight of the beautiful lights in the heavens. When-

* According to a more particular account given by Caspar — which is fully confirmed by marks upon his body which cannot be mistaken, by the singular formation of his knee and knee hollow, and by his peculiar mode of sitting upon the ground with his legs extended which is possible to himself alone, — he never, even in his sleep, lay with his whole body stretched out, but sat, waking and sleeping, *with his back supported in an erect posture.* Some peculiar property of his place of rest, and some particular contrivance must probably have made it necessary for him to remain constantly in such a position. He is himself unable to give any further information upon this subject.

ever he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water by him. Sometimes this water had a bad taste; whenever this was the case, he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to fall asleep;* and, when he afterwards awoke, he found that he had a clean shirt on, and that his nails had been cut.† He never saw the face of the man who brought him his

* That this water was mixed with opium may well be supposed; and, the certainty, that this was really the fact, was fully proved on the following occasion. After he had for some time lived with Professor Daumer, his physician attempted to administer to him a drop of opium in a glass of water. Caspar had scarcely swallowed the first mouthful of this water, when he said: "that water is nasty; it tastes exactly like the water I was sometimes obliged to drink in my cage."

† Hence, as well as from other circumstances, it is evident, that Caspar was during his incarceration always treated with a certain degree of careful attention. And this accounts for the attachment which he long retained to the man "with whom he had always been." This attachment ceased only at a very late period; yet, never to such a degree as to make him wish that this man should be punished. He wished that those should be punished by whose orders he had been confined; but he said, that that man had done him no harm.

meat and drink. In his hole he had two wooden horses and several ribbons. With these horses he had always amused himself as long as he was awake; and his only occupation was, to make them run by his side and to fix or tie the ribbons about them in different positions. Thus, one day had passed as the other; but he had never felt the want of anything, had never been sick, and — once only excepted — had never felt the sensation of pain. Upon the whole, he had been much happier there than in the world, where he was obliged to suffer so much. How long he had continued to live in this situation he knew not; for he had had no knowledge of time. He knew not when, or how he came there. Nor had he any recollection of ever having been in a different situation, or in any other than in that place. The man with whom he had always been, never did him any harm. Yet one day, shortly before he was taken away, — when he had been running his horse too hard, and had made too much noise, the man came and struck him upon his arm with a stick, or with a piece of wood; this caused

the wound which he brought with him to Nuremberg."

"Pretty nearly about the same time, the man once came into his prison, placed a small table over his feet, and spread something white upon it, which he now knows to have been paper; he then came behind him, so as not to be seen by him, took hold of his hand, and moved it backwards and forwards on the paper, with a thing (a lead pencil) which he had stuck between his fingers. He (Hauser) was then ignorant of what it was; but he was mightily pleased, when he saw the black figures which began to appear upon the white paper. When he felt that his hand was free, and the man was gone from him, he was so much pleased with this new discovery, that he could never grow tired of drawing these figures repeatedly upon the paper. This occupation almost made him neglect his horses, although he did not know what those characters signified. The man repeated his visits in the same manner several times."*

* Of the fact that Caspar really had had instruction and indeed regular elementary instruction in writing

" Another time the man came again, lifted him from the place where he lay, placed him

he gave evident proofs, immediately on the first morning after his arrival in Nuremberg. When the prison keeper Hiltel came to him that morning, in the prison, he gave him, in order to employ or to amuse him, a sheet of paper with a lead pencil. Caspar seized eagerly on both, placed the paper upon the bench and began and continued to write, without intermission, and without ever looking up or suffering himself to be disturbed by anything that passed, until he had filled the whole folio sheet, on all four sides, with his writing. The appearance of this sheet, which has been preserved and affixed to the documents furnished by the police, is much the same as if Caspar, who nevertheless wrote from memory, had had a copy lying before him, such as are commonly set before children when they are first taught to write. For, the writing upon this sheet consisted of rows of letters, or rows of syllables; so that, almost everywhere, the same letter or the same syllable is constantly repeated. At the bottom of each page, all the letters of the alphabet are also placed together, in the same order in which they actually succeed each other, as is commonly the case in copies given to children; and, in another line, the numerical cyphers are placed, from 1 to 0, in their proper order. On one page of this sheet, the name " Kaspar Hauser " is constantly repeated; and, on the same sheet, the word reider (Reuter, rider,) frequently occurs, yet this sheet also proves, that Caspar had not progressed beyond the first elements of writing.

on his feet, and endeavored to teach him to stand. This he repeated at several different times. The manner in which he effected this, was the following: he seized him firmly around the breast, from behind; placed his feet behind Caspar's feet, and lifted these, as in stepping forward."

"Finally, the man appeared once again, placed Caspar's hands over his shoulders, tied them fast, and thus, carried him on his back out of the prison. He was carried up (or down) a hill.* He knows not how he felt; all became night, and he was laid upon his back." This "becoming night," as appeared on many different occasions at Nuremberg signified, in Caspar's language, "to faint away." The account given of the continuation of his journey, is principally con-

* It is evident, and other circumstances prove it to be a fact, that Caspar could not yet, at that time, distinguish the motion of ascending from that of descending, or height from depth, even as to the impressions made upon his own feelings; and that he was consequently still less able to designate this difference correctly by means of words. What Caspar calls a hill, must in all probability have been a pair of stairs. Caspar also thinks he can recollect, that in being carried he brushed against something by his side.

fined to the following particulars: "that he had often lain with his face to the ground, in which cases it became night; that he had several times eaten bread and drunk water; that the man, "with whom he had always been," had often taken pains to teach him to walk, which always gave him great pain, &c." This man never spoke to him; excepting, that he continually repeated to him the words "Renta wähn," &c.* He (Caspar) never saw the face of the man either on this journey or ever before in prison. Whenever he led him, he directed him to look down upon the ground and at his feet,—an injunction which he always strictly obeyed; partly from fear, and partly because his attention was sufficiently occupied with his own person and the position of his feet. Not long before he was observed at Nuremberg, the man had put the clothes upon him which he then wore.

The putting on of his boots gave him great pain; for the man made him sit on the ground, seized him from behind, drew his feet up, and thus forced them into the boots. They

* This jargon seems to imply "I will be a rider (a trooper) as my father was."

then proceed onwards still more miserably than before. He neither then, nor ever before, perceived anything of the objects around him; he neither observed nor saw them; and he could therefore not tell from what part of the country, in what direction, or by what road he came. All that he was conscious of, was that the man who had been leading him put the letter which he had brought with him into his hand, and then vanished; after which, a citizen observed him and took him to the guard-room at the new gate. This history of the mysterious imprisonment and exposure of a young man, presents, not only a fearful, but a most singular and obscure enigma; which may indeed give rise to innumerable questions and conjectures, but, in respect to which, little can be said with certainty; and which, until its solution shall have been found, must continue to retain, in common with all enigmas, the property of being enigmatical. Caspar's mental condition during his dungeon life, must have been that of a human being, immersed, in his infancy, in a profound sleep, in which he was not conscious even of a dream, or at

least of any succession of dreams. He had continued in this stupor, until, afrighted with pain and apprehensions, he suddenly awoke, stunned with the wild and confused noises and the unintelligible impressions of a variegated world, without knowing what had happened. Whoever should expect, that such a being, when arrived at a full state of consciousness, should be able to give a perfectly clear and circumstantial historical description of his slumbers and his dreams, which should satisfy the understanding, so as to remove every doubt, would expect nothing less, than that a sleeper should sleeping have been awake, or that a waking person should while awake, have slept.

There still exist certain regions in Germany, to which, if a second Dupin were to furnish maps depicting the illumination of the human mind in different countries, he would give a coloring of dark gray, where occurrences similar to those which Hauser has related, are by no means unheard of. Dr Horn* for instance, saw in the infirmary at

* In his travels through Germany. (See Göttingsche gelehrte Anzeige. July, 1831. p. 1097.)

Salzburg, but a few years ago, a girl of twenty-two years of age and by no means ugly, who had been brought up in a hogstye among the hogs, and who had sat there for many years with her legs crossed. One of her legs was quite crooked, she grunted like a hog, and her gestures were brutishly unseemly in a human dress. In comparison with such abominations, the crimes committed against Caspar Hauser may even be considered as acts in which the forbearance of humanity is still visible. That Caspar should be unable to give any account of the mode and manner in which he was conveyed to Nuremberg, or to furnish any recitals or descriptions of the adventures of his journey, of the places through which he passed, or of any of the usual occurrences which strike the attention of travellers, whatever may be their mode of conveyance, is so far from being astonishing, that the case could not have been otherwise without the intervention of a miracle. Even if Caspar had before he left his prison awoke to a state of clear and rational self-consciousness; if, like Sigismund in his tower, he had by means of education and the cultivation of

his mind attained to the maturity of a young man; yet, the sudden transition from the close confinement and gloomy obscurity of his dungeon, could not have failed to throw him either into fainting fits or into a state very similar to that of excessive intoxication. The unwonted impressions made by the external air must have stunned him, and the bright sun-light blinded his eyes. Yet even with seeing and unblinded eyes, he would have seen nothing; — at least he would have observed and taken cognizance of nothing. For nature, with all her phenomena, must at that time have shone before his eyes, with the glare of one confusedly diversified and checkered mass, in which no single object could be distinguished from another. That this was really the case, even at Nuremberg, was, as we shall see hereafter, confirmed in the most unequivocal manner by actual experience. From what part of the country was Caspar brought? upon what road, and through which gate did he arrive? was his journey performed on foot, or in a carriage or a wagon? To these and to similar questions, the answers, even if they could be given with

perfect certainty, would be such as would interest rather the judge, who might be called upon to examine and to decide, than the public. Caspar himself, remembers only his having walked; without, however, being able to add anything, which might lead to probable conjectures concerning the time consumed, or the length of the way passed over, in walking. That he has no recollection of having rode in a carriage or wagon, does not however prove that he may not nevertheless, and perhaps for the greater part of the way, have been thus conveyed. Caspar, sinks, even yet, whenever he rides in a carriage or a wagon, into a kind of death sleep, from which he does not easily awake, whether the vehicle stops or rolls on; and in this state, how roughly soever it may be done, he may be lifted up or laid down, and packed or unpacked without his having the least perception of it. When sleep has once laid hold of him, no noise, no sound, no report, no thunder is loud enough to wake him. If Caspar — which from his own account appears probable — fainted away whenever he was brought into the open air, if his con-

ductors, for the sake of greater security, made him drink some of the ill-tasted water (opium diluted with water); they may, with the greatest safety, have thrown him into a wagon, and driven him many a day's journey, without any fear of his awakening, crying out, or occasioning his kidnappers the least inconvenience. Mr Schmidt of Lubeck, has, in his book Uber Kaspar Hauser (Altona, 1831,) given many ingenious reasons for his conjecture, that Caspar was brought to Nuremberg from some place in its immediate vicinity. For this, as well as for other conjectures, this history leaves ample room. That the person by whom Caspar was brought to Nuremberg, must have been one who was well acquainted with Nuremberg and its locality, is certain; and, that he must in former times have served as a soldier in one of the regiments stationed there, is at least highly probable.

The crimes committed against Caspar Hauser, as far as the information hitherto given of them extends, are, judging according to the criminal code of Bavaria, the following:

I. *The crime of illegal imprisonment:* (Strafgesetzbuch Thl. 1 Art. 192–695) which was doubly aggravated, first, in respect to the *duration* of the imprisonment, which appears to have lasted from his earliest infancy to the age of early manhood; and secondly, in respect to its *kind*, inasmuch as it was connected with particular instances of *ill-treatment*. As such, we must consider, not only the brutish den and crippling position to which he was confined, and his coarse diet, which would scarcely have satisfied a dog, but we must incontestably and indeed principally regard as such, the cruel withholding from him, of the most ordinary donations, which nature with a liberal hand extends even to the most indigent; — the depriving him of all the means of mental development and culture, — the unnatural detention of a human soul in a state of irrational animality. With this crime concurs, objectively —

II. The crime of *exposure;* which, according to Stgb. Thl. 1, art. 174, may be committed not only in regard to infants, but also in regard to grown up persons whom sickness or other infirmities render unable to help

themselves; among which class of persons, Caspar, on account of the state of animal stupidity and of inability to see with his eyes open or even to walk in an upright position with safety, in which he then was, must undoubtedly be reckoned. The crime of Caspar's exposition is also aggravated by the consideration of the danger to which it exposed his life. His situation, both in respect to his mind and his body, exposed him evidently to the danger, either of falling into the river Pzegnitz which was very near to the place of his exposure, or of being run down by carriages or horses. If a particular crime, affecting the mental powers, or, as it might more properly be designated, affecting the life of a human soul, were known to the criminal code of Bavaria; this crime would, in forming a juridical estimate of this case, when compared with the crime of illegal imprisonment, assume the place of the highest importance; nay, the latter crime would vanish in comparison with the first, as infinitely the greater of the two, and it would be absorbed by it.*

* The conception that a crime may be absorbed by the commission of a greater crime, is familiar to Ger-

The deprivation of external liberty, though in itself an irreparable injury, bears yet no comparison with the injury done to this unhappy being, by depriving him of the incalculable sum of inestimable benefits which can never be restored to him, and which, by the robbery committed upon his freedom, and the mode and manner in which it was committed, were either entirely withdrawn from him, or destroyed, and his means of enjoying them miserably crippled for the remainder of his life. Such a crime does not merely affect the external corporeal appearance of man, but the inmost essence of his spiritual being; it is the iniquity of a murderous robbery perpetrated upon the very sanctuary of his rational nature. When some authors

man writers on criminal jurisprudence. If a person found guilty of petty larceny, were also found guilty of murder, it is evident, that the punishment of death incurred by the second crime, would render it impossible to inflict the punishment of imprisonment incurred by the first; which, by suspending his execution, would act rather as a reprieve than as a punishment. The first crime would therefore remain unpunished; its punishment being as it were absorbed by the punishment of the second crime.

designate such a crime merely by the predicate of a robbery of the intellect, (noochiria), as Tittmann,* and make that which constitutes the essential condition of its existence, to consist in actually effecting a deprivation of intellect, or in causing insanity; Caspar Hauser's case furnishes an instance, which may convince them, that their conception of this crime is far too limited, and, that a legislator who should desire to render his system more complete, by the exhibition of such a genus of crimes, ought to assume a more elevated and more extensive point of view. The confinement which Caspar suffered in his infancy, produced neither idiocy nor insanity; for, since the recovery of his liberty, as we shall see more particularly hereafter, he has emerged from the state of mere animality; his mind has been developed, and he may now, with certain limitations, be considered as a rational, intelligent, civilized and moral man. Yet no one can help perceiving, that it is the criminal invasion of the life of

* Handbuch der Strafrechtswissenschaft. Thl. 1, §179.

his soul, — that it is the iniquity perpetrated against the higher principles of his spiritual nature, which presents the most revolting aspect of the crime committed against him. An attempt, by artificial contrivances to exclude a man from nature and from all intercourse with rational beings, to change the course of his human destiny, and to withdraw from him all the nourishment afforded by those spiritual substances which nature has appointed for food to the human mind, that it may grow and flourish, and be instructed and developed and formed; — such an attempt must, considered even quite independently of its actual consequences, be considered as, in itself, a highly criminal invasion of man's most sacred and most peculiar property, — of the freedom and the destiny of his soul. But above all, the following consideration must be added to all the rest. Caspar, having been sunk during the whole earlier part of his life in animal sleep, has passed through this extensive and beautiful part of it, without having lived through it. His existence was, during all this time, similar to that of a person really

dead: in having slept through his youthful years, they have passed by him, without his having had them in his possession; because, he was rendered unable to become conscious of their existence. This chasm which crime has torn in his life, cannot any more be filled up; that time, in which he omitted to live, can never be brought back, that it may yet be lived through; that juvenility, which fled while his soul was asleep, can never be overtaken. How long soever he may live, he must forever remain a man without childhood and boyhood; a monstrous being, who, contrary to the usual course of nature, only began to live in the middle of his life. Inasmuch as the whole earlier part of his life was thus taken from him, he may be said to have been the subject of a partial soul murder. The deed done to Caspar, differs from the crime that would be committed by one who should plunge a man of sound intellect, at a later period, into a state of stupid idiocy, unconsciousness, or irrationality, only in respect to the different epoch of life at which the blow of soul murder was struck: in one in-

stance, the life of a human soul was mutilated at its commencement; in the other it would be mutilated at its close. Besides, one of the chief momenta, which ought not to be overlooked, is this: since childhood and boyhood are given and destined by nature for the development and perfection of our mental as well as our corporeal life, and since nature overleaps nothing, the consequence of Caspar's having come into the world as a child at the age of early manhood is, that the different states of life which in other men are formed and developed gradually, have in him, both now and forever been as it were displaced and improperly joined together. Having commenced the life of infancy at the age of physical maturity, he will, throughout all his life, remain, as regards his mind, less forward than his age, and as regards his age, more forward than his mind. Mental and physical life, which in the regular course of their natural development go hand in hand, have, therefore, in respect to Caspar, been as it were separated, and placed in an unnatural opposition with each other. Because he *slept* through his childhood, that

childhood could not be *lived* through by him at its proper time; it therefore still remains to be lived through by him; and, it consequently follows him into his later years, not as a smiling genius, but as an affrighting spectre, which is constantly intruding upon him at an unseasonable hour. If, besides all this, we take into consideration the devastation which the fate of his earlier youth as will more fully be seen hereafter, has occasioned in his mind; it must appear evident, from the instance here given, that the conception of a robbery committed upon the intellect, does by no means exhaust the conception of a crime committed against the life of the soul.

What other crimes may perhaps yet lie concealed under the iniquity committed against Caspar? What were the ends which Hauser's secret imprisonment was intended to subserve? — To answer these questions, would lead us too far either into the airy regions of conjecture or within certain confines which will not admit of such an exposure to the light.

This crime, which in the history of human

atrocities is still almost unheard of, presents to the learned judge, as well as to the juridical physician, yet another very remarkable aspect. Scrutinies and judgments concerning certain states of mind, regard commonly only the criminal himself; inasmuch as their only end, is to ascertain, whether his actions are imputable to him or not. But here, an instance is given of a most extraordinary, and in its kind exclusively singular case, in which the matter of fact which is to prove the existence of a crime, lies almost entirely concealed within a human soul; where it can be investigated and established, only by means of inquiries purely psychological, and founded upon observations, indicating certain states of the thinking and sentient mind of the person injured. Even of the history of this deed, we have as yet no other knowledge, than that which we have received from the narration given of it by him to whom it was done: yet, the truth of this narration is warranted by the personality of the narrator himself; upon whose thinking and sentient mind (Geist und gemüth) — as we shall see more particularly hereafter — the deed itself, is

written in visible and legible characters. No other being than one who has experienced and suffered what Caspar has, can be what Caspar is; and he whose being indicates what Caspar's does, must have lived in a state such as that in which Caspar says that he lived. And thus we see an instance, in which our estimation of the degree of credit which we are to give to the narrator of an almost incredible occurrence, is made to rest almost altogether upon psychological grounds. But, the evidence furnished in this instance upon such grounds, outweighs that of any other proof. Witnesses may lie, documents may be falsified; but no other human being, except indeed he were a magician armed with a certain portion of omnipotence and omniscience, is able to produce a lie of such a nature, that, in which soever aspect you may present it to the light, it shall appear, in all of them, as the purest and most uncontaminated truth, as the very personification of truth itself. Whoever should doubt Caspar's narration, must doubt Caspar's person. But, such a sceptic might with equal reason be permitted to doubt, whether a person,

bleeding from a hundred wounds, and convulsed before his eyes with the agonies of death, was really a wounded and dying man, or was only acting the part of a wounded and dying man. Yet we must not anticipate the reader's judgment; my exhibition of Caspar's person has only just commenced.

CHAPTER V.

Caspar had been already considerably more than a month at Nuremberg, when, among the latest novelties of the day, I heard of this foundling. No official accounts of this occurrence had yet been received by the highest authorities of the province; it was therefore only as a private individual, and from a general regard to the interests of humanity and of science, that I went to Nuremberg on the 11th of July, 1828, in order to examine this most extraordinary and singular phenomenon. Caspar's abode was at that time still in the Luginsland at the Vestner gate, where every body was admitted who desired to see him. In fact, from morning to night, Caspar attracted scarcely fewer visitors than the kangaroo, or the tame hyena in the celebrated menagerie of M. von Aken. I therefore also proceeded thither,

in company with Col. von D, —— two ladies and two children; and we fortunately arrived there at an hour when no other visitors happened to be present. Caspar's abode was in a small but cleanly and light room, the windows of which opened upon an extensive and pleasant prospect. We found him with his feet bare, clothed, besides his shirt, only with a pair of old trousers. The walls of his chamber had been decorated by Caspar as high as he could reach, with sheets of colored pictures. He stuck them to the wall, every morning anew, with his saliva, which was, at that time, as tough as glue;* and, as soon as it became twilight, he took them down again, and laid them together by his side. In a corner of the fixed bench which extended around the room was his bed, which consisted of a bag of straw, with a pillow and blanket. The whole of the remaining part of the bench was thickly covered with a variety of playthings, with hundreds of leaden

* The saliva was so very gluey, that in taking these sheets down parts of them sometimes adhered to the wall and sometimes parts of the plastering of the wall adhered to the paper.

soldiers, wooden dogs, horses, and other toys, such as are commonly manufactured at Nuremberg. They had already ceased to occupy much of his attention during the day; yet he was at no little trouble to gather carefully together all these trifles and all their trifling appurtenances, every evening; to unpack them, as soon as he awoke, and to place them in a certain order, in rows alongside of each other. The benevolent feelings of the kind inhabitants of Nuremberg had also induced them to present him with various articles of wearing apparel, which he kept under his pillow, and displayed to us with a childish pleasure not unmingled with some little vanity. Upon the bench there lay, mingled with these playthings, several pieces of money, to which, however, he paid no attention. From these, I took a soiled crown piece, and a quite new piece of twentyfour kreutzers* in my hand and asked him, which of these be liked best? He chose the

* A crown piece, is about the size of a Spanish dollar, and a piece of twentyfour kreutzers about the size of a quarter of a dollar.

small shining one; he said the larger one was ugly, and he regarded it with a look expressive of aversion. When I endeavored to make him understand, that the larger piece was nevertheless the more valuable of the two, and that he could get more pretty things for it than for the smaller one, he listened indeed attentively, and assumed for sometime a thoughtful stare; but at length he told me, that he did not know what I meant.

When we entered into his apartment, he showed nothing like shyness or timidity; on the contrary, he met us with confidence and seemed to be rejoiced at our visit. He first of all noticed the Colonel's bright uniform, and he could not cease to admire his helmet, which glittered with gold; then the colored dresses of the ladies attracted his attention; as for myself, being dressed in a modest black frock coat, I was at first scarcely honored with a single glance. Each of us placed himself separately before him and mentioned to him his name and title. Whenever any person was thus introduced, Caspar went up very close to him, regarded him with a sharp staring look, noticed every par-

ticular part of his face, as his forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, &c, successively, with a penetrating rapid glance, and as I could distinctly perceive, at the very last, he collected all the different parts of the countenance which at first he had gathered separately and piece by piece, into one whole. He then repeated the name of the person, as it had been mentioned to him. And now, he knew the person; and, as experience afterwards proved, he knew him forever. He averted his eyes, as much as possible, from every glare of light; and he most carefully avoided the rays of the sun which entered directly through the window. When such a ray accidentally struck his eye, he winked very much, wrinkled his forehead, and evidently showed that he was in pain. His eyes were also much inflamed, and he betrayed in every respect the greatest sensibility of the effects of light.

Although his face became afterwards perfectly regular, yet, at that time, a striking difference was perceptible between the left and the right side of it. The first was perceptibly drawn awry and distorted; and convulsive spasms frequently passed over it like

flashes of lightning. By these spasms the whole left side of his body, and particularly his arm and hand, were visibly affected.

If anything was shown him which excited his curiosity, if any word was spoken which struck his attention or was unintelligible to him, these spasms immediately made their appearance; and they were generally succeeded by a kind of nervous rigidity. He then stood motionless; not a muscle of his face moved, his eyes remained wide open without winking, and assumed a lifeless stare; he appeared like a statue, to be unable to see, to hear, or to be excited to any living movement by external impressions. This state was observable whenever he was meditating upon anything, whenever he was seeking the conception corresponding to any new word, or the word corresponding to any new thing, or whenever he endeavored to connect anything that was unknown to him with something that he knew, in order to render the first conceivable to him by means of the latter.

His annunciation of words which he knew, was plain and determinate, without hesitating

or stammering. But coherent speech was not yet to be expected from him, and his language was as indigent as his stock of ideas. It was therefore also extremely difficult to become intelligible to him. Scarcely had you uttered a few sentences which he appeared to understand, when you found that something was mingled with them which was foreign to him; and, if he wished to understand it, his spasms immediately returned. In all that he said, the conjunctions, participles and adverbs were still almost entirely wanting; his conjugation embraced little more than the infinitive; and he was most of all deficient in respect to his syntax, which was in a state of miserable confusion. "Caspar very well," instead of I am very well; "Caspar shall July tell," instead of, I shall tell it to Julius (the son of the prison keeper); such were his common modes of expressing himself. The pronoun I occurred very rarely; he generally spoke of himself in the third person, calling himself Caspar. In the same manner, he also spoke to others in the third person instead of the second; for instance, in speaking to a colonel or a lady,

instead of saying you, he would say colonel or lady such a one, using the verb in the third person. Thus also, in speaking to him, if you wished him immediately to understand who you meant, you must not say *you* to him, but Caspar. The same word was often used by him in different significations; which often occasioned ludicrous mistakes. Many words which signify only a particular species, would be applied by him to the whole genus. Thus, for instance, he would use the word hill or mountain, as if it applied to every protuberance or elevation; and in consequence thereof, he once called a corpulent gentleman, whose name he could not recollect, "the man with the great mountain." A lady, the end of whose shawl he once saw dragging on the floor, he called, "the lady with the beautiful tail."

It may be supposed, that I did not omit, by various questions, to obtain from him some account of his past life. But all that I could draw from him was so confused and so undeterminate a jargon, that, being yet unaccustomed to his manner of speaking, I could mostly only guess what he meant, while

much remained that was utterly unintelligible to me.

It appeared to me not unimportant to make some trial of his taste in respect to different colors; he showed that, also in this particular, he was of the same mind as children and so-called savages. The red color, and indeed the most glaring red, was preferred by him to every other; the yellow he disliked, excepting when it struck the sight as shining gold, in which case his choice wavered between this yellow and the glaring red; white was indifferent to him, but green appeared to him almost as detestable as black. This taste, and particularly his predilection for the red color, he retained, as professor Daumer's later observations prove, long after the cultivation of his mind had very considerably progressed. If the choice had been given him, he would have clothed himself and all for whom he had a regard, from head to foot in scarlet or purple. The appearance of nature, green being the principal color of her garment, gave him no delight. She could appear beautiful to him, only when viewed through a red colored glass.

With professor Daumer's dwelling, to which shortly after my visit he was removed from the Lunginsland, he was not much pleased; because, the only prospect that he had there, was into the garden, where he saw nothing but ugly trees and plants, as he called them. On the contrary, he was particularly pleased with the dwelling of one of his preceptor's friends, which was situated in a narrow unpleasant street, because opposite to it and round about it nothing was to be seen but houses beautifully painted red. When a tree, full of red apples was shown him, he expressed much satisfaction at seeing it; yet he thought that it would have been still much more beautiful, if its leaves also were as red as the fruit. Seeing a person once drinking red wine, he expressed a wish that he, who drank nothing but water, could also drink things which appeared so beautiful.

There was but one advantage more which he wished that his favorite animals, horses, possessed. It was, that, instead of being black, bay, or white, their color were scarlet. The curiosity, the thirst for knowledge, and the inflexible perseverance with which

he fixed his attention to anything that he was determined to learn or comprehend, surpassed everything that can be conceived of them; and the manner in which they were expressed, was truly affecting. It has already been stated, that he no longer employed himself in the day-time with his playthings; his hours throughout the day were successively occupied with writing, with drawing, or with other instructive employments in which professor Daumer engaged him. Bitterly did he complain to us, that the great number of people who visited him left him no time to learn anything. It was very affecting to hear his often repeated lamentation that the people in the world knew so much, and that there were so very many things which he had not yet learnt. Next to writing, drawing was his favorite occupation, for which he evinced a great capacity joined with equal perseverance. For several days past, he had undertaken the task of copying a lithographical print of the burghermaster Binder. A large packet of quarter sheets had already been filled with the copies which he had drawn; they were arranged in a long

series, in the order in which they had been produced. I examined each of them separately: the first attempts resembled exactly the pictures drawn by little children, who imagine that they have drawn a face, when they have scratched upon the paper, something meant to represent an oval figure with a few long and cross strokes. Yet, in almost every one of the succeeding attempts, some improvements were distinctly visible; so that these lines began more and more to resemble a human countenance, and finally represented the original, though still in a crude and imperfect manner, yet so that their resemblance to it might be recognised. I expressed my approbation of some of his last attempts; but he showed that he was not satisfied, and insinuated that he should be obliged to draw the picture a great many times, before it would be drawn as it ought to be, and then he would make it a present to the burghermaster.

With his life in the world, he appeared to be by no means satisfied; he longed to go back to the man with whom he had always been. At home, (in his hole,) he said, he

had never suffered so much from headache, and had never been so much teazed as since he was in the world. By this, he alluded to the unpleasant and painful sensations which were occasioned by the many new impressions to which he was totally unaccustomed, and by a great variety of smells which were disagreeable to him, &c; as well as to the numerous visits of those who came to see him from curiosity, to their incessant questioning of him, and to some of their inconsiderate and not very humane experiments. He had therefore no fault to find with the man with whom he had always been, except that he had not yet come to take him back again, and that he had never shown him or told him anything of so many beautiful things, which are in the world. He is willing to remain in Nuremberg, until he has learnt what the burghermaster and the professor (Daumer) know; but then, the burghermaster must take him home; and then he will show the man what he has learnt in the meantime. When I expressed my surprise, that he should wish to return to that abominable bad man; he replied, with mild indignation, "man

not bad, man me no bad done." Of his astonishing memory, which is as quick as it is tenacious, he gave us the most striking proofs. In noticing any of the numerous things whether small or great which were in his possession, he was able to mention the name and the title of the person who had given it to him; and if several persons were to be mentioned, whose surnames were alike, he distinguished them accurately, by their christian names or by other marks of distinction. About an hour after we had seen him, we met him again in the street, it being about the time when he was conducted to the burghermaster's. We addressed him; and when we asked him whether he could recollect our names? he mentioned, without the least hesitation, the full name of every one of the company, together with all our titles, which must nevertheless have appeared to him as unintelligible nonsense. His physician, Dr Osterhausen observed, on a different occasion, that when a nosegay had been given him and he had been told the names of all the different flowers of which it was composed, he recognised, several days afterwards,

every one of these flowers; and he was able to tell the name of each of them. But the strength of his memory decreased afterwards, precisely in proportion as it was enriched, and as the labor of his understanding was increased. His obedience to all those persons who had acquired paternal authority over him, particularly to the burghermaster, professor Daumer, and the prison-keeper Hiltel, was unconditional and boundless. That the burghermaster or the professor had said so, was to him a reason for doing or omitting to do anything, which was final and totally exclusive of all further questions and considerations. When once I asked him, why he thought himself obliged always to yield such punctual obedience? he replied: "the man with whom I always was, taught me that I must do as I am bidden." Yet in his opinion, this submission to the authority of others, referred only to what he was to do or not to do, and it had no connexion whatever with his knowing, believing, and opining. Before he could acknowledge anything to be certain and true, it was necessary that he should be convinced; and, indeed, that he should be

convinced either by the intuition of his senses, or by some reasoning adapted to his powers of comprehension and to the scanty acquirements of his almost vacant mind, as to appear to him to be striking. Whenever it was impossible to reach his understanding by any of these ways, he did not indeed contradict the assertion made, but he would leave the matter undecided, until, as he used to say, he had learned more. I spoke to him among other things of the impending winter, and I told him that the roofs of the houses and the streets of the city would then be all white, — as white as the walls of his chamber. He said, that this would be very pretty; but he plainly insinuated that he should not believe it before he had seen it. The next winter, when the first snow fell, he expressed great joy that the streets, the roofs and the trees had now been so well painted; and he went quickly down into the yard, to fetch some of the white paint; but he soon ran to his preceptor with all his fingers stretched out, crying, and blubbering, and bawling out "that the white paint had bit his hand."

A most surprising and inexplicable pro-

perty of this young man, was his love of order and cleanliness, which he even carried to the extreme of pedantry. Of the many hundreds of trifles of which his little household consisted, each had its appropriate place, was properly packed, carefully folded, symmetrically arranged, &c. Uncleanliness, or whatever he considered as such, whether in his own person or in others, was an abomination to him. He observed almost every grain of dust upon our clothes; and when he once saw a few grains of snuff on my frill, he showed them to me, briskly indicating that he wished me to wipe those nasty things away.

The most remarkable fact of experience in respect to him which I learnt, but which was not fully explained to me until several years afterwards, was the result of the following experiment, which was suggested to me by a very obvious association of ideas, leading me to compare what was observable in Caspar, who had not come forth from his dark dungeon to the light of day before the age of early manhood, with the well known account, given by Cheselden, of a young

man, who had become blind but a few days after his birth, and who, in consequence of a successful operation, had been restored to sight, nearly at the same age.

I directed Caspar to look out of the window, pointing to the wide and extensive prospect of a beautiful landscape, that presented itself to us in all the glory of summer; and I asked him, whether what he saw was not very beautiful. He obeyed; but he instantly drew back with visible horror, exclaiming "ugly! ugly!" and then, pointing to the white wall of his chamber, he said, "there not ugly." To my question, why it was ugly? No other reply was made, than ugly! ugly! and thus, nothing remained for the present for me to do, but to take care to preserve this circumstance in my memory, and to expect its explanation from the time, when Caspar should be better able to express what he meant to say. That his turning away from the prospect pointed at could not be sufficiently accounted for, by the painful impression made upon his optic nerve by the light, appeared to me to be evident. For his countenance at this time did not so much

express pain as horror and dismay. Besides, he stood at some distance from the window, by the side of it, so that although he could see the prospect pointed at, yet, in looking at it he could not be exposed to the impression made by rays of light entering directly into the window. When Caspar afterwards in 1831, spent some weeks with me at my own house, where I had continual opportunities of observing him accurately, and of completing and correcting the results of former observations, I took an opportunity of conversing with him respecting this occurrence. I asked him whether he remembered my visit to him at the tower; and whether he could particularly recollect the circumstance, that I had asked him how he liked the prospect from his window, and that he had turned from it with horror, and had repeatedly exclaimed ugly! ugly! and I then asked him, why he had done so? and what had then appeared to him. To which he replied; "yes, indeed, what I then saw was very ugly. For when I looked at the window it always appeared to me, as if a window shutter had been placed close before my eyes

upon which a wall painter had spattered the contents of his different brushes, filled with white, blue, green, yellow, and red paint, all mingled together. Single things as I now see things, I could not at that time recognise and distinguish from each other. This was shocking to look at; and besides, it made me feel anxious and uneasy; because it appeared to me, as if my window had been closed up with this parti-colored shutter, in order to prevent me from looking out into the open air. That, what I then saw, were fields, hills, and houses; that many things which at that time appeared to me much larger were in fact much smaller, while many other things that appeared smaller, were in reality larger than other things, is a fact, of which I was afterwards convinced by the experience gained during my walks; at length I no longer saw anything more of the shutter." To other questions, he replied, "that, in the beginning, he could not distinguish between what was really round or triangular, and what was only painted as round or triangular. The men and horses represented on sheets of pictures, appeared to him precisely as the

men and horses that were carved in wood; the first, as round as the latter, or these, as flat as those. But he said, that in the packing and unpacking of his things, he had soon felt a difference; and that, afterwards, it had seldom happened to him, to mistake the one for the other.

Here then we behold, in Caspar, a living instance of Cheselden's blind man who had recovered his sight. Let us hear what Voltaire,* or Diderot,† who in this instance may pass for the same person, has said of this blind person‡ "The young man whose cataracts were couched by this skilful surgeon, did not for a long time distinguish either magnitudes, distances, or even figures from each other. An object of an inch in size, which, when placed before his eyes, concealed a house from his view, appeared to him as

* In his Philosophie de Newton (Oeuvres complétes Gotha, 1786, T. xxxi. p. 118.)

† Lettre sur les arengles à l'usage de ceux qui voyent (Londres 149) p. 1759—164. Diderot has copied Voltaire's account verbatim.

‡ The author was unable to obtain Cheselden's original work.

large as that house. All objects were present to his eye, and appeared to him to be applied to that organ, as objects of touch are applied to the skin. He could not distinguish, by his sight, what by the aid of his hands he had judged to be round from what he had judged to be angular; nor could he by means of his eyes discern, whether what by his feelings he had perceived to be above or below, was in fact above or below. He attained, though not without some difficulty, to a perception, that his house was larger than his chamber; but he could never conceive, how the eye could give him this information. Many repeated facts of experience, were required in order to satisfy him that paintings represented solid bodies; and when, by dint of looking at pictures, he was convinced that what he saw before him were not merely surfaces, he felt them with his hands, and was then much surprised, to find only a plain surface without any projection. He then would ask which of his senses deceived him, his touch or his sight? Painting has, however, sometimes produced the same effect upon savages, the first time that they saw it:

they took painted figures for living men, interrogated them, and were quite astonished to find that they received no answer;—an error, which in them could certainly not have proceeded from their being unaccustomed to the sight of visible objects."

To little children also, during the first weeks or months after their birth, everything appears equally near. They will extend their little hands to reach the glittering ball of a distant steeple, and they know neither how to distinguish things that are actually great or small, from things that are apparently so, nor how to distinguish real, from painted objects. For in respect to objects both of the sight and of the touch, it is necessary, that both of these senses should mutually assist each other, in order to enable us to recognise them for what they really are. The explanation of this fact of experience depends upon the elementary law of all vision; regarding which the great English philosopher Berkley has expressed himself in the following manner: "It is, I think, agreed by all, that distance of itself, and immediately, cannot be seen. For distance being a line, directed end-wise to the

eye, it projects only one point at the bottom of the eye. Which point remains invariably the same, whether the distance be longer or shorter. — I find it also acknowledged that the estimate we make of the distance of objects considerably remote, is rather an act of judgment grounded on experience, than of sense. For example: when I perceive a great number of intermediate objects, such as houses, fields, rivers, and the like, which I have experienced to take up a considerable space; I thence form a judgment or conclusion, that the object I see beyond them is at a great distance. Again, when an object appears faint and small, which at a near distance I have experienced to make a vigorous and large appearance, I instantly conclude that it is far off. And this, it is evident, is the result of experience; without which, from the faintness and littleness, I should not have inferred anything concerning the distance of objects.

The application of this law of optics, and of those facts, in explaining the delusion of the senses which Caspar experienced is obvious. As Caspar had never before been

accustomed to walk further, than from the tower to the burghermaster's house, or perhaps through one or two streets more; as, in consequence of the irritability of his eyes, and of his fear of falling, he always looked down at his feet, and as, on account of his sensibility of the light, he always avoided looking out into the vast ocean of light around him; he had, for a length of time, no opportunities of gaining experience concerning the perspective and the distances of visible objects. All the numerous things in the country at which he was looking, which, together with a comparatively small portion of the blue sky filled the aperture between the upper and lower window frame, must, therefore, have presented themselves to him as a great variety of formless and equally distant phenomena, arranged the one above the other. Hence the whole must have been viewed by him, as an upright table, upon which numerous and differently colored objects of different sizes, had assumed the appearance of shapeless and parti-colored blots.

CHAPTER VI.

Though Caspar Hauser's almost constant and uninterupted intercourse with the numerous individuals, who thronged to him at all hours of the day, was unquestionably attended with the advantage of making him acquainted, in a short and easy manner, with a great variety of things and words, and of thus enabling him to make a very rapid progress in learning how to speak with others and to understand them; yet it is equally certain, that the heterogeneous influence of mingled masses of individuals to which he was thus constantly exposed, was by no means well adapted to promote an orderly development of this neglected youth, in agreement with the regular course of nature. It is true, that perhaps not an hour of the day was permitted to pass, which did not in some way or other furnish new materials for the formation of his mind. But, it was impossi-

ble for the materials thus collected to assume the form and figure even of the most inconsiderable organic whole. All was mingled together in one, disorderly, scattered, and parti-colored mass, of hundreds and thousands of partial representations and fragments of thought, huddled together, above and below, and by the sides of each other, without any apparent connexion or design. If thus the vacant tablets of his mind were soon enough superscribed, they were, at the same time, but too soon filled and disfigured with things, which in part at least were worthless and prejudicial. The unaccustomed impressions of the light and of the free air; the strange and often painful minglings of diverse excitatives which continually flowed in upon his senses; the effort to which his mind was constantly stimulated by his thirst of knowledge, laboring as it were to go beyond itself, to fasten upon, to devour and to absorb into itself whatsoever was new to him, — but all was new to him — all this was more than his feeble body, and his delicate, yet constantly excited and even over excited nerves could bear. From my first visit to

Caspar on the 11th of July, I brought with me the fullest conviction, which in its proper place I also endeavored to impress upon the minds of others, that Caspar Hauser must needs either die of a nervous fever, or be visited with some attack of insanity or idiocy, if some change was not speedily made in his situation. In a few days my apprehensions were partly justified by what actually occurred. Caspar Hauser became sick: at least he became so unwell, that a dangerous illness was feared. The official statement of his physician, Dr Osterhausen's opinion, which on this occasion was sent by him to the magistracy of the city, was to the following effect.

"The multifarious impressions which all at once rushed upon Caspar Hauser after he had for years been buried alive in a dungeon, where he lived secluded from all mankind and left, to himself alone, and which did not operate upon him singly and successively, but in a mass and altogether; the heterogeneous impressions made upon him by the free air, by the light, and by the objects which surrounded him, which all of them were new

to him; the awakening of his mental individuality, his desire of learning and of knowing, as well as the change that was made in his manner of living, &c; the operation of all these causes, could not but produce effects which would powerfully shake, and finally injure the health of a person, possessing so very great a share of nervous sensibility. — When I saw him again, I found him totally changed; he was melancholy, very much dejected and greatly enfeebled. There appeared to exist a morbid elevation of his nervous excitability. The muscles of his face were affected with frequent spasms. His hands trembled so much, that he was scarcely able to hold anything. His eyes were inflamed, they could not bear the light, and they gave him considerable pain, when he attempted to read, or to look at any object attentively. His hearing was so very sensitive, that all loud speaking caused him violent pain; so that he could no longer endure the sound of music, of which he had heretofore been so passionately fond. He lost his appetite, became costive, complained of unpleasant sensations in his abdomen, and

upon the whole, he felt very unwell. — I felt very uneasy on account of his state of health, and particularly so, partly because his unconquerable aversion to anything but bread and water renders it impossible to administer medicines to him, and partly, because it is to be feared that even the most inactive remedies might operate too powerfully upon him in the present highly excited state of his nerves."

On the 18th of July, Caspar Hauser was released from his abode in the tower, and was committed to the domestic care and superintendence of Mr Daumer, a professor of a gymnasium, distinguished equally, for the excellent qualities of his mind and of his heart, who now took upon himself entirely the care of his education, and who had also hitherto paid a fatherly attention to his instruction, and to the formation of his mind. In the family of this man, consisting of the worthy mother and sister of his instructor, he found in a manner a compensation for the loss of those beings, whom nature had given him, and of whom the wickedness of man had deprived him.

We may form some conception of the multitude of persons to whose curiosity Caspar Hauser was exposed, from the circumstance, that the magistracy of Nuremberg found it necessary, as soon as Caspar had been committed to the care of Professor Daumer, to insert the following notice in the public journals:

"The homeless Caspar Hauser, has, in order to promote the development of the powers of his mind and body, been committed, by the magistracy of the city of Nuremberg to the care of a particular instructor, who is well qualified to undertake that office. That both of them may be freed from any interruption in the pursuit of this object, and that Caspar Hauser may be able to enjoy that tranquillity, which in every respect he so much needs, his instructor has been directed, not to admit of any more visits to Hauser for the future.

"The public in general, are therefore hereby duly informed thereof; so that all may avoid the mortification of being refused admittance to him: and it is also notified, that pertinacious importunity in insisting upon

admittance to him, will if necessary, be resisted with the assistance of the police."*

At Professor Daumer's Caspar Hauser was for the first time furnished, instead of the bag of straw upon which he had lain in the tower, with a proper bed, with which he seemed to be exceedingly pleased. He would often say, that his bed was the only pleasant thing that he had met with in the world; everything else was very bad indeed. — It was only after he slept in a bed, that he began to have dreams. Yet, these he did not at first recognise as dreams, but related them to his instructor, when he awoke, as real occurrences. It was only at a later

* This notice nevertheless did not entirely produce the desired effect. As few strangers visit Nuremberg without going to see the grave of St Sebaldus, the paintings on glass in the church of St Lawrence, &c, so no one at that time, thought that he had fully seen the curiosities of Nuremberg, who had omitted to see the mysterious adopted child of that city. From the time of Caspar's arrival at Nuremberg, to the present moment, many hundreds of persons of almost all European nations, of every rank, — scholars, artists, statesmen, and officers of every description, as well as noble and princely personages, — have seen and spoken with him.

period that he learned to perceive the difference between waking and dreaming.*

One of the most difficult undertakings was to accustom him to th e use of ordinary food, and this could be accomplished only by slow degrees, with much trouble and great caution.† The first that he was willing to take, was water gruel; which he learned to relish daily more and more, and on this account he imagined that it was every day made better and better; so that he would ask, what was the reason that it had not been made so good at first? Also all kinds of food prepared from meal, flour and pulse, and whatever else bore a resemblance to bread, began soon to agree with him. At length, he was gradually accustomed to eat meat, by mixing at first only a few drops of

* These circumstances should not be left unnoticed by those who make the philosophy of the human mind their study; as they afford striking illustrations of the peculiar state of mind in which Caspar was at that time.

† Before he became accustomed to warm food, he felt a constant thirst: and he drank daily from ten to twelve quarts of water. But even yet, he is still a mighty water drinker.

gravy with his gruel, and a few threads of the muscular fibres of meat, of which the juices had been well boiled out, with his bread; and by gradually increasing the quantity.

In the notes respecting Caspar Hauser, which Professor Daumer has collected, he has made the following observations; "After he had learned regularly to eat meat, his mental activity was diminished; his eyes lost their brilliancy and expression; his vivid propensity to constant activity was diminished; the intense application of his mind gave way to absence and indifference; and the quickness of his apprehension was also considerably diminished. Whether this was really the effect of his feeding on meat, or whether this bluntness was not rather the consequence of the painful excess of excitement which preceded it, may very justly be questioned. We may however conclude with much greater certainty, that the change of his diet, which was made by accustoming him to warm nourishment and to some animal food, must have had a very perceptible effect upon his growth. In Professor Dau-

mer's house, he increased more than two inches in height, in a very few weeks.

As the inflammation of his eyes, and the constant headache, with which every application of his eyesight was attended, made it impossible for him to read, to write, or to draw, Mr Daumer employed him in making pasteboard work, in which he very soon acquired considerable dexterity. He also taught him to play chess, which he soon learned, and practised, with pleasure. Besides this, he was employed in easy garden work, and made acquainted with various productions, phenomena, and powers of nature; so that not a single day passed by, which did not add something to his knowledge, and make him acquainted with innumerable new objects of surprise, wonder, and admiration.

It required no little pains and much patience in correcting his mistakes, in order to teach him the difference between things which are, and such as are not organized; between animate and inanimate things; and between voluntary motion, and motion that is communicated from without. Many things which bore the form of men or ani-

mals, though cut in stone, carved in wood, or painted, he would still conceive to be animated, and ascribe to them such qualities as he perceived to exist in animated beings. It appeared strange to him, that horses, unicorns, ostriches, &c, which were hewn or painted upon the walls of houses in the city, remained always stationary, and did not run away. — He expressed his indignation against a statue in the garden belonging to the house in which he lived, because, although it was so dirty, yet it did not wash itself. — When for the first time he saw the great crucifix on the outside of the church of St Sebaldus, its view affected him with horror and with pain: and he earnestly entreated, that the man who was so dreadfully tormented, might be taken down. Nor could he, for a long time, be pacified, although it was explained to him, that it was not any real man, but only an image, which felt nothing. He conceived every motion that he observed to take place in any object, to be a spontaneous effect of life. If a sheet of paper was blown down by the wind, he thought, that it had run away from the table; and,

if a child's wagon was rolling down a hill, it was, in his opinion, making an excursion for its own amusement. He supposed, that a tree manifested its life by moving its twigs and leaves; and its voice was heard in the rustling of its leaves, when they were moved by the wind. — He expressed his indignation against a boy who struck the stem of a tree with a small stick, for giving the tree so much pain. — To judge from his expressions, the balls of a ninepin alley ran voluntarily along; they hurt other balls when they struck against them, and when they stopped, it was because they were tired. Professor Daumer endeavored for a long time in vain, to convince him that a ball does not move voluntarily. He succeeded at length in doing so, by directing Caspar to make a ball himself from the crumbs of his bread and afterwards to roll it along. — He was convinced that a humming top, which he had long been spinning, did not move voluntarily, only by finding, that, after frequently winding up the cord, his arm began to hurt him; being thus sensibly convinced,

that he had himself exerted the power which was expended in causing it to move.

To animals, particularly, he for a long time ascribed the same properties as to men; and he appeared to distinguish the one from the other, only by the difference of their external form. He was angry with a cat for taking its food only with its mouth, without ever using its hands for that purpose. He wished to teach it to use its paws and to sit upright. He spoke to it as to a being like himself, and expressed great indignation at its unwillingness to attend to what he said, and to learn from him. On the contrary, he once highly commended the obedience of a certain dog. Seeing a gray cat, he asked, why she did not wash herself that she might become white. When he saw oxen lying down on the pavement of the street, he wondered why they did not go home and lie down there. If it was replied that such things could not be expected from animals, because they were unable to act thus, his answer was immediately ready: then they ought to learn it; there were so many things, which he also was obliged to learn.

Still less had he any conception of the origin and growth of any of the organical productions of nature. He always spoke as if all trees had been stuck into the ground; as if all leaves and flowers were the work of human hands. The first materials of an idea of the origin of plants, were furnished him by his planting, according to the directions of his instructor, a few beans, with his own hands, in a flower pot; and by his afterwards being made to observe, how they germinated and produced leaves, as it were, under his own eye. But in general, he was accustomed to ask, respecting almost every production of nature, who made that thing?

Of the beauties of nature he had no perception. Nor did nature seem to interest him otherwise, than by exciting his curiosity, and by suggesting the question, who made such a thing? When for the first time, he saw a rainbow, its view appeared for a few moments to give him pleasure. But he soon turned away from it; and he seemed to be much more interested in the question who made it? than in the beauty of its apparition.

Yet, there was one view, which made a remarkable exception from this observation, and which must be regarded as a great, and never-to-be-forgotten incident, in the gradual development of his mental life. It was in the month of August, 1829, when, on a fine summer evening, his instructor showed him for the first time the starry heavens. His astonishment and transport, surpassed all description. He could not be satiated with its sight, and was ever returning to gaze upon it; at the same time fixing accurately with his eye the different groups that were pointed out to him, remarking the stars most distinguished for their brightness, and observing the differences of their respective color. "That," he exclaimed, "is indeed the most beautiful sight that I have ever yet seen in the world. But who has placed all these numerous beautiful candles there? who lights them? who puts them out?" When he was told that, like the sun with which he was already acquainted, they always continue to give light, he asked again: who placed them there above, that they may always continue to give light? At length, standing motionless,

with his head bowed down, and his eyes staring, he fell into a train of deep and serious meditation. When he again recovered his recollection, his transport had been succeeded by deep sadness. He sank trembling upon a chair, and asked, why that wicked man had kept him always locked up, and had never shown him any of these beautiful things. — He (Caspar) had never done any harm. He then broke out into a fit of crying, which lasted for a long time, and which could with difficulty be soothed; and said, that the man with whom he had always been, may now also be locked up for a few days, that he may learn to know, how hard itis to be treated so. Before seeing this beautiful celestial display, Caspar had never shown anything like indignation against that man; and much less had he ever been willing to hear that he ought to be punished. Only weariness and slumber were able to quiet his sensations; and he did not fall asleep — a thing that had never happened to him before — until it was about 11 o'clock. Indeed, it was in Mr Daumer's family that he began more and more to reflect upon his unhappy

fate, and to become painfully sensible of what had been withheld and taken from him, It was only there, that the ideas of family, of relationship, of friendship, — of those human ties, that bind parents and children and brothers and sisters to each other, were brought home to his feelings; it was only there, that the names mother, sister and brother were rendered intelligible to him, when he saw, how mother, sister and brother, were reciprocally united to each other by mutual affection, and by mutual endeavors to make each other happy. He would often ask for an explanation of what is meant by mother, by brother, and by sister; and endeavors were made to satisfy him by appropriate answers. Soon after, he was found sitting in his chair, apparently immersed in deep meditations. When he was asked what was now again the matter with him? he replied with tears: "he had been thinking about what was the reason, why *he* had not a mother, a brother and a sister? for it was so very pretty a thing to have them." As a state of perfect rest from all mental exertion, was at that time particularly indicated by his extreme excita-

bility, and, as exercise seemed absolutely necessary, to strengthen the feeble frame of his body; it seemed, that, among other modes of exercise, riding on horseback might be highly beneficial to him; especially, as he seemed to have taken a great fancy for it. As formerly wooden horses, so now living horses had become his favorites. Of all animals, the horse appeared to him to be the most beautiful creature; and whenever he saw a horseman managing his steed, his heart seemed to dilate with the wish, that he also might have such a horse under him. The riding master at Nuremberg, Mr Rumpler, had the complaisance to gratify this longing; and he received Caspar among his scholars. Caspar, who with the most intent watchfulness observed everything that was told to him or to the other scholars, had in the first lesson, not only imprinted the principal rules and elements of the art of riding upon his memory, but made them his own; so that in a few days he had made such progress, that old and young scholars, who had been taking lessons for several months, were obliged to acknowledge, that he was vastly

their superior. His seat, his courage, and his correct management of his horse, astonished every one; and he would undertake feats of horsemanship which, besides himself and his riding master, none dared to attempt. Once, when the riding master had been breaking in a fractious Turkish horse, he was so little alarmed at the sight, that he requested permission to ride that horse. — After having exercised himself for some time, the boundaries of the riding school became too narrow for him; he longed to manage his horse in the open air; and here he evinced, besides great dexterity, an inexhaustible endurance, hardihood and tenacity of body, which could not be equalled, even by those who were most inured to the exercise of riding. He was particularly fond of spirited and hard trotting horses, and he often rode, for many hours together, without intermission, without tiring, and without chafing or feeling the least uneasiness. One afternoon, he rode in a full trot from Nuremberg to the so called old Veste and back again; and this feeble youth, who, about

that time, would have been so much fatigued with walking a few miles in the city, as to be obliged to lie down quite exhausted, and go to bed a few hours sooner than usual, returned from performing this gigantic feat, apparently, as little fatigued as if he had only been walking his horse from one gate of the city to the other. This insensibility may, as Professor Daumer supposes, be chiefly owing to the fact, that he had been sitting for so many years upon a hard floor is indeed by no means improbable. Yet, besides this we may, from Hauser's love of horses and his almost instinctive equestrian dexterity, be led to form the perhaps not altogether untenable conjecture, that by birth he must belong to a nation of horsemen. For, that abilities, which at first indeed were acquired artificially, but which have been sustained by practice throughout successive generations, may finally be propagated as natural propensities and distinguished capacities for acquiring them, is not unknown ; of which fact, the dexterity in swimming peculiar to the South sea islanders, and the sharp sightedness of the North

American hunter-nations may serve as instances.

Besides his extraordinary equestrian talents, the extreme peculiarity, the almost preternatural acuteness and intensity of his sensual perceptions, appeared particularly remarkable in Caspar Hauser, during his abode in Professor Daumer's house.

As to his sight, there existed in respect to him no twilight, no night, no darkness. This was first noticed, by remarking that at night he stepped everywhere with the greatest confidence; and that, in dark places, he always refused a light when it was offered to him. He often looked with astonishment, or laughed at persons, who in dark places, for instance when entering a house or walking on a staircase by night, sought safety in groping their way, or in laying hold on adjacent objects. In twilight, he even saw much better than in broad daylight. Thus, after sunset, he once read the number of a house at the distance of 180 paces, which in day light, he would not have been able to distinguish so far off.

Towards the close of twilight, he once pointed out to his instructor a gnat, that was hanging in a very distant spider's web. At a distance of, certainly not less than sixty paces, he could distinguish the single berries in a cluster of elderberries from each other, and these berries from black currants. It has been proved by experiments carefully made, that in a perfectly dark night, he could distinguish different dark colors, such as blue and green from each other.

When, at the commencement of twilight, a common eye could not yet distinguish more than three or four stars in the sky, he could already discern the different groups of stars, and he could distinguish the different single stars of which they were composed, from each other, according to their magnitudes and the peculiarities of their colored light. From the enclosure of the castle at Nuremberg, he could count a row of windows in the castle of Marloffstein; and from the castle, a row of the windows of a house lying below the fortress of Rothenberg. His sight was as sharp, in distin-

guishing objects near by, as it was penetrating, in discerning them at a distance. In anatomizing plants, he noticed subtile distinctions and delicate particles, which had entirely escaped the observation of others.

Scarcely less sharp and penetrating than his sight, was his hearing. When taking a walk in the fields, he once heard, at a distance comparatively very great, the footsteps of several persons, and he could distinguish these persons from each other, by their walk. He had once an opportunity of comparing the acuteness of his hearing with the still greater acuteness of hearing evinced by a blind man, who could distinguish even the most gentle step of a man walking barefooted. On this occasion, he observed that his hearing had formerly been much more acute; but that its acuteness had been considerably diminished, since he had begun to eat meat; so that he could no longer distinguish sounds with so great a nicety as that blind man.

Of all his senses, that which was the most troublesome to him, which occasioned him the most painful sensations, and which made his life in the world more disagreeable to

him than any other, was the sense of smelling. What to us is entirely scentless, was not so to him. The most delicate and delightful odors of flowers, for instance the rose, were perceived by him as insupportable stenches, which painfully affected his nerves.

What announces itself by its smell to others, only when very near, was scented by him at a very considerable distance. Excepting the smell of bread, of fennel, of anise, and of caraway, to which he says he had already been accustomed in his prison, — for his bread was seasoned with these condiments — all kinds of smells were more or less disagreeable to him. When he was once asked, which of all other smells was most agreeable to him? he answered, none at all. His walks and rides, were often rendered very unpleasant by leading him near to flower gardens, tobacco fields, nut trees, and other plants which affected his olfactory nerves; and he paid dearly for his recreations in the free air, by suffering afterwards from headaches, cold sweats, and attacks of fever. He smelt tobacco, when in blossom in the

fields, at the distance of fifty paces, and at more than one hundred paces, when it was hung up in bundles to dry, as is commonly the case about the houses in the villages near Nuremberg. He could distinguish apple, pear, and plum trees from each other at a considerable distance, by the smell of their leaves. The different coloring materials used in the painting of walls and furniture, and in the dying of cloths, &c, the pigments with which he colored his pictures, the ink or pencil with which he wrote, all things about him, wafted odors to his nostrils which were unpleasant or painful to him. If a chimney sweeper walked the streets, though at the distance of several paces from him, he turned his face shuddering from his smell. The smell of an old cheese made him feel unwell and affected him with vomiting. The smell of strong vinegar, though fully a yard distant from him, operated so powerfully upon the nerves of his sight and smell, as to bring the water into his eyes. When a glass of wine was filled at table, at a considerable distance from him, he complained of its disagreeable smell, and of a sensation

of heat in his head. The opening of a bottle of champaigne, was sure to drive him from the table or to make him sick. What we call unpleasant smells, were perceived by him with much less aversion, than many of our perfumes. The smell of fresh meat was to him the most horrible of all smells. When Professor Daumer, in the autumn of 1828, walked with Caspar near to St John's churchyard, in the vicinity of Nuremberg, the smell of the dead bodies, of which the professor had not the slighest perception, affected him so powerfully, that he was immediately seized with an ague, and began to shudder. The ague was soon succeeded by a feverish heat, which at length broke out into a violent perspiration, by which his linen was thoroughly wet. He afterwards said, that he had never before experienced so great a heat. When on his return he came near to the city gate, he said that he felt better; yet he complained, that his sight had been obscured thereby. Similar effects were once experienced by him, (on the 28th of September, 1828,) when he had been for a considerable time walking by the side of a tobacco field.

Professor Daumer first noticed the peculiar properties of Caspar's sense of feeling and his susceptibility of metallic excitements, while he was yet at the tower. Here, a stranger once made him a present of a little wooden horse and a small magnet, with which, as the forepart of the horse was furnished with iron, it could be made to swim about in different directions. When Caspar was going to use this toy according to the instructions he had received, he felt himself very disagreeably affected; and he immediately locked it up in the box belonging to it, without ever taking it out again, as he was accustomed to do with his other playthings, in order to show it to his visitors. When he was afterwards asked why he did so? he said, that that horse had occasioned him a pain which he had felt in his whole body and in all its members. After he had removed to Professor Daumer's house, he kept the box with the magnet in a trunk; from which, in clearing out his things, it was accidentally taken and brought into notice. The idea was suggested thereby to Professor

Daumer, who recollected the occurrence that had formerly taken place, to make an experiment on Caspar with the magnet belonging to the little horse. Caspar very soon experienced the most surprising effects. — When Professor Daumer held the north pole towards him Caspar put his hand to the pit of his stomach and, drawing his waistcoat in an outward direction, said that it drew him thus; and that a current of air seemed to proceed from him. The south pole affected him less powerfully; and he said that it blew upon him. Professor Daumer and Professor Herrmann made afterwards several other experiments, similar to these and calculated to deceive him; but his feelings always told him very correctly, and even though the magnet was held at a considerable distance from him, whether the north pole or the south pole was held towards him. Such experiments could not be continued long, because the perspiration soon appeared on his forehead, and he began to feel unwell.

In respect to his sensibility of the presence of other metals, and his ability to dis-

tinguish them from each other by his feelings alone, Professor Daumer has collected a great number of facts, from which I shall select only a few. In autumn, 1828, he once accidentally entered a store filled with hardware and particularly with brass wares. He had scarcely entered, before he hurried out again, being affected with violent shuddering, and saying that he felt a drawing in his whole body in all directions. — A stranger who visited him, once slipped a piece of gold of the size of a kreutzer into his hand, without Caspar's being able to see it; he said immediately, that he felt gold in his hand. — At a time when Caspar was absent, Professor Daumer placed a gold ring, a steel and brass compass, and a silver drawing pen under some paper, so that it was impossible for him to see what was concealed under it. Daumer directed him to move his finger over the paper without touching it; he did so; and by the difference of the sensation and strength of the attraction, which these different metals caused him to feel at the points of his fingers, he accurately distinguished

them all from each other according to their respective matter and form. — Once, when the physician, Dr Osterhausen, and the royal crownfiscal Brunner from Munchen happened to be present, Mr Daumer led Caspar, in order to try him, to a table covered with an oil cloth, upon which a sheet of paper lay, and desired him to say, whether any metal was under it; he moved his finger over it and then said: there it draws! "But this time," replied Daumer, "you are nevertheless mistaken; for," withdrawing the paper, "nothing lies under it." Caspar seemed at first to be somewhat embarrassed; but he put his finger again to the place where he thought he had felt the drawing, and assured them repeatedly, that he *there* felt a drawing. The oil cloth was then removed, a stricter search was made, and a needle was actually found there. — He described the feeling which minerals occasioned him, as a kind of drawing sensation, which passed over him, accompanied at the same time with a chill, which ascended accordingly as the objects were different, more or less up the arm; and

which was also attended with other distinctive sensations. At the same time, the veins of the hand which had been exposed to the metallic excitative, were visibly swollen. Towards the end of December, 1828,— when the morbid excitability of his nerves had been almost removed — his sensibility of the influence of metallic excitatives, began gradually to disappear and was at length totally lost. Animal magnetism manifested itself in him in a manner equally surprising; and he retained his receptivity of it for a much longer time than his receptivity of metallic excitements. But, as the phenomena which appeared in Caspar, agree in all their essential characteristics with similar appearances in other well known cases, it would be superfluous to add any other observations respecting them, than, that he always called his sensation of the streaming in upon him of the magnetic fluid, a blowing upon him. He experienced such magnetic sensations, not only when in contact with men, when they touched him with the hand, or when they, even at some distance, extended the points of their fingers towards

him, &c, but also, when he was in contact with animals.

When he laid his hand upon a horse, a cold sensation, as he said, went up his arm; and when he was mounted, he felt as if a draught of wind passed through his body. But these sensations went over after he had several times rode his horse around the riding school.

When he caught a cat by the tail, he was seized with a strong fit of shivering, and felt as if he had received a blow upon his hand. In March, 1824, he was for the first time taken to a tent where foreign animals were exhibited: and agreeably to his wish, he was placed in the third row of spectators. Immediately as he entered, he felt an ague, which was greatly increased when the rattlesnake was irritated and began to shake its rattles; and this was soon succeeded by a feverish heat and profuse perspiration. The eyes of the snake were not directed to the spot where he sat; and he maintains, that he was not conscious of any sensation of terror or of apprehension.

We now leave Caspar's physical and physiological aspect, in order to contemplate the interior region of his mind, which, while it exhibits to us the acuteness of his natural understanding, enables us at the same time, to draw exact conclusions concerning the fate of his life, and the state of utter neglect, in which his mind was left by the profligacy of human beings. Though his soul was filled with a childish kindness and gentleness, which rendered him incapable of hurting a worm, or a fly, much less a man; though his conduct, in all the various relations of life, showed that his soul was spotless and pure as the reflex of the eternal in the soul of an angel, yet as we have already observed he brought with him from his dungeon to the light of the world, not an idea, not the least presentiment of the existence of God, not a shadow of faith in any more elevated, invisible existence. Raised like an animal, slumbering even while awake, sensible in the desert of his narrow dungeon, only of the crudest wants of animal nature, occupied with nothing but with the taking of his food, and the eternal sameness of his wooden

horses, the life of his soul could be compared only to the life of an oyster, which adhering to its rock, is sensible of nothing but the absorption of its food, and perceives only the eternal uniform dashing of the waves, and, in its narrow shell, finds no room, even for the most confined idea of a world without it. Still less was he capable of having the least presentiment of anything that is above the earth, and above all worlds. Thus came Caspar, unswayed indeed by prejudices, but without any sense for what is invisible, incorporeal and eternal, to this upper world, where, seized and driven around by the stunning vortex of external things, he was too much occupied with visible realities to suffer the want of anything that is invisible to become perceptible to his mind. Nothing, at first appeared to him to have any reality, but what he could see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; and his awakened, and soon also speculative understanding, would admit of nothing, that was not based upon his sensual consciousness, that could not be placed within the reach of his senses, that could not be presented to him, in the form of some coarse

conception of his understanding sufficiently near to be brought home to him. All attempts made, in the common way, to awaken religious ideas in his mind, were for a long time entirely fruitless. With great naivete, he complained to Professor Daumer, that he did not know what the clergymen meant by all the things that they told him; of which he could comprehend nothing. In order somewhat to overcome his coarse meterialistic ideas, Professor Daumer endeavored, in the following manner, to make him receptive of some preparatory notions of the possibility to conceive and to believe the existence of an invisible world, and particularly the existence of God. Mr Daumer asked him, whether he had not thoughts, ideas, and a will. And when he acknowledged that he had, he asked him whether he could see them, hear them, &c? When he said that he could not, he made him observe, that he was therefore conscious that there do exist things which we cannot see, nor otherwise perceive externally. Caspar acknowledged this; and he was much astonished at this discovery of the incorpo-

real nature of our interior being. Daumer continued, "a being that can think and will, is called a spirit; God is such a spirit, and between him and the world, there exists a relation, something like that between Caspar's thought and his body; as he, Caspar, can produce changes in his own body by his invisible thinking, and willing, as he for instance can move his hands and feet, so God can produce changes in the world; he is the life in all things; he is the spirit that is operative in the whole world!" — Professor Daumer now ordered him to move his arm, and then asked him "if he could not at the same time lift and move the other arm?" Certainly! "Now, hence you see then," continued Professor Daumer, "that your invisible thought and will, that is, your spirit, may be present and operative in two of your members at once, and consequently in two different places at the same time. The case is the same in respect to God; but on a grand scale; and now, you may form some conception of what I mean by saying, that God is everywhere present." — Caspar evinced great joy when this had been ex-

plained to him ; and he said to his instructor, that what he had now told him, was something "real;" whereas other people had never told him anything upon that subject that was right. — Yet, instructions such as these, had for a long time no other effect than to render Hauser less refractory, when the idea of God was presented to his mind ; since thus a way was found, by which religious ideas could be instilled in him. But the apparently inborn pyrrhoism of his nature, would nevertheless, on various occasions, break out anew in different forms and in different directions. — He once asked, whether we might pray to God for any particular thing, and whether he would grant us what we prayed for; for instance, if he prayed to God to cure the malady of his eyes with which he was afflicted, would he do it? He was answered, that he was certainly permitted to pray ; but that he must leave it to the wisdom of God to determine, whether it was proper that his prayer should be granted. "But," he replied, "I wish for the use of my eyes, that I may learn and work ; and that must be good for me. God

can have nothing against it." If he was then instructed, that God has inscrutable reasons for refusing us even what most evidently appears to be good for us, in order, for instance, to try us, and to exercise our patience, such doctrines were always received by him coldly, and met with no acknowledgment. — His doubts, questions, and objections, frequently embarrassed his instructor not a little; for instance, once when the conversation was concerning the omnipotence of God, he proposed the question: Can Almighty God also make time recede? a question, which contained a bitter sarcastic allusion to the fate of his earlier life, and in the back ground, concealed the inquiry, whether God could restore his childhood and youth, which had been lost to him in a living grave. From these few remarks we may infer, what was in his mind, the state of positive religion, of christian dogmatics, of the doctrine of the atonement, and of similar doctrines, from stating his objections to which I willingly refrain.

There were two orders of men, to whom Caspar had, for a considerable time, an un-

conquerable aversion;— physicians and clergymen; to the first, "on account of the abominable medicines which they prescribed and with which they made people sick;" and to the latter, because, as he expressed himself, they made people afraid, and confused them with incomprehensible stuff. When he saw a minister, he was seized with horror and dismay. If he was asked the cause of this, he would reply: "because these people have already tormented me very much. Once, when I was at the tower, four of them came to me all at once, and told me things which at that time I could not at all comprehend; for instance, that God had created all things out of nothing. When I asked them for an explanation, they all began to cry out at the same time, and every one said something different. When I told them: all these things I do not yet understand; I must first learn to read and write, they replied: these things must be learned first. Nor did they go away, until I signified to them my desire, that they would at length leave me at rest." In churches, therefore, Caspar felt by no means

happy. The crucifixes which he saw there, excited a horrible shuddering in him; because for a long time he involuntarily ascribed life to images. The singing of the congregation, seemed to him as a repulsive bawling. "First," said he, after returning from attending a church, "the people bawl; and when they have done, the parson begins to bawl."

CHAPTER VII.

By the careful attention of Mr Daumer's worthy family, by the use of proper exercise, and by the judicious employment of his time, Caspar Hauser's health had been greatly improved. He was diligent in learning, increased in knowledge, and made considerable progress in cyphering and writing; and he had progressed so far in the latter, that about the summer of 1829, he was able, at the desire oft hose who directed his actions, to collect his recollections of his life into a written memoir. This first attempt at an original exposition of his thoughts, although it could only be considered as a document exhibiting the retarded progress, and the consequent indigence and awkwardness of his still childish mind, was nevertheless viewed by him, with the eyes of a young author when the first production of his pen is about to appear in print. This itch of

authorship, caused this so called history of his life, to be shown both to native and foreign visitors; and the story soon ran, and even appeared in several public journals, that Caspar Hauser was employed in writing a history of his life. It is highly probable that this very report occasioned the catastrophe, which, soon after it was circulated, in the month of October, the same year (1829), was intended to bring his short life to a tragic end. Caspar Hauser, — if we may be permitted to indulge in conjectures — had at length become, to those who kept him secretly confined, a dangerous burthen. The child which they had so long fed, had become a boy, and was at length grown up into a young man. He became restless, his powers of life became more vivid, he sometimes made a noise, and it was necessary to keep him quiet by means of severe chastisement, of which he still bore fresh marks when he came to Nuremberg. Why they did not get rid of him in some other manner? Why they did not destroy him? Why as a child he had not been put out of the world? Whether, it may not have been with instruc-

tions to murder him, that he was first delivered to his attendant, who, either from compassion, or with an intention to wait for times more favorable to the child who was to be made away with, or for other reasons that may be imagined, had, at his own risk, kept the child alive and fed it?—All this must be left to conjecture. However this may be, the time was come, or rather it was not come; the secreted individual could no longer be kept concealed; it was necessary to get rid of him in some way or other, and—in a beggar's garb—he was sent to Nuremberg. It was intended, that he should disappear there, either as a vagabond or an idiot, in some public institution, or, if any attention was paid to the recommendation which he brought with him, as a soldier in some regiment. Contrary to every expectation, none of these events took place; the unknown foundling met with humane commiseration and became the object of universal public attention; the public journals were filled with accounts of this mysterious young man and with conjectures respecting him. From being the adopted child of the city of

Nuremberg, for which the magistracy of the city had declared him, he became, at length, the child — of Europe. The development of Caspar's mind is everywhere spoken of, marvellous things are related to the public of his progress, and now, — this human animal is writing a history of his life! He who gives a history of his life, must be able to say something relating to it.

Those persons, therefore, who had every reason to wish to remain in the darkness which they had drawn around themselves, and around all traces leading to them, could not but feel very uneasy at hearing of this intended autobiography.

The plan to bury poor Caspar alive in the waves of a world entirely unknown to him, had failed; and it was only now that Caspar's murder became, in the opinion of those who had committed this secret crime, in a manner, an act of self-defence.

Caspar was accustomed, between 11 and 12 o'clock, to go out of the house in order to attend a lesson in cyphering. But on Saturday, the 17th of October, he was directed by his tutor to remain at home, because

he felt unwell. About that hour, Professor Daumer took a walk; and — besides Caspar, who was known to be in his chamber,—none remained at home, but Daumer's mother and his sister, who, about that time were busy sweeping the house.

The house, in which Caspar lived at Daumer's, lies in a distant and little frequented part of the city, and is situated on an open place of an extraordinary size, which can scarcely be overlooked. The house, which, being built according to the ancient custom of Nuremberg, is very irregular and full of edges and corners, consists of a front building in which the landlord lived, and a back building in which Daumer's family resided. A narrow house door leads, by a passage inclosing the yard on two sides, to the staircase belonging to Daumer's quarters; and, besides a wood room, a place for poultry, and similar conveniences, there is in a corner, close under a winding staircase, a very low, small and narrow water closet. The small space in which this is, was rendered still smaller by a screen placed before it. Whoever is in the entry upon a level with the

ground, (for instance near the wood room,) is very well able to observe, who comes down stairs and enters the water closet.

About 12 o'clock the same day, when Professor Daumer's sister Catherine was busy sweeping the house, she observed, upon the staircase, which leads from the first story to the yard, several spots of blood and bloody footsteps, which she immediately wiped away, without, on that account, thinking that anything extraordinary had happened. She supposed, that Caspar might have been seized on the staircase with a bleeding at the nose, and she went to his chamber, to ask him about it. She did not find Caspar there; but she observed, also in his room, near the door, a few bloody footsteps. After she had again gone down stairs, in order to sweep also the above mentioned passage in the yard, single traces of blood again met her eye, upon the stone pavement of the passage. She went on to the water closet where there lay a dense heap of clotted blood: this she showed to the daughter of the landlord, who had just come to the spot, and who was of opinion that it was the blood

of a cat. Daumer's sister, who immediately spunged the blood off, was now still more confirmed in the opinion, that Hauser had stained the staircase : he must have trod upon this clot of blood, and neglected to wipe his feet before going up stairs.— It was already past 12 o'clock, the table was laid ; and Caspar, who at other times had always punctually come to dinner, staid this time away. The mother of Professor Daumer went therefore down from her chamber to call Caspar, but was as unsuccessful in finding him, as her daughter had been before her.

Mrs Daumer was just in the act of going once more up into his chamber, when she was struck with observing something moist upon the cellar door, which appeared to her like blood. Fearing that some misfortune had happened, she lifted up the cellar door ; she observed, upon all the steps of the cellar, drops or large spots of blood ; she went down to the lowest step ; and she saw, in a corner of the cellar which was filled with water, something white, glimmering at a distance. Mrs Daumer then hurried back, and requested the landlord's servant maid to go into the cellar

with a candle to see what the white thing was that lay there. She had scarcely held the candle to the object pointed out to her when she exclaimed: "There lies Caspar dead."—The servant maid, and the son of the landlord, who in the meantime had come to their assistance, now lifted Caspar, who gave no signs of life and whose face was pale as death and covered with blood, from the ground, and carried him out of the cellar. When he was brought up stairs the first sign of life that he gave was a deep groan; and he then exclaimed, with a hollow voice, "man! man!"—He was immediately put to bed; where, with his eyes shut, he from time to time cried out, or murmured to himself, the following words and broken sentences.— "Mother!—tell professor!—man beat—black man, like sweep (kuchen)*—

* This refers to an instance in which Caspar had been very much frightened by the chimney sweeper who was sweeping in the kitchen. The word kuchen probably meant küche—kitchen, which name he gave to the chimney sweeper, who, as mentioned above, had frightened him in the kitchen. T.

tell mother — not found in my chamber — hide in the cellar."

Upon this he was seized with a severe ague, which was soon succeeded by violent paroxysms, and finally by a complete frenzy, in which several strong men were scarcely able to hold him down. In these fits, he bit a considerable piece out of a porcelain cup, in which a warm draught had been brought him; and he swallowed it along with the drink. For almost fortyeight hours, he remained in a state of perfect absence of mind. In his delirium, during the night, he uttered from time to time, the following broken sentences: "Tell it to the burghermaster — Not lock up. — Man away! — man comes! — Away bell!— I to Furth ride down. — Not to Erlangen in the whale — not kill, not hold the mouth shut — not die! — Hauser, where been; not to Furth to-day; not more away! head ache already. — Not to Erlangen in the whale! The man kill me! Away! Don't kill! I all men love; do no one anything. Lady mayoress help! — Man, I love you too; don't kill! — Why the man

kill? I have done you nothing. — Don't kill me! I will yet beg that you may not be locked up. — Never have let me out of my prison, you would even kill me!— You should first have killed me, before I understood what it is to live. — You must say why you locked me up," &c. Most of these sentences, he repeated, mingled incoherently with each other. The result of the visitation instituted, with the assistance of the medical officer of the city jurisdiction, by the court of inquiry appointed by the judicial authorities, — to which the case was at length referred, by the police court — was as follows:

"The forehead of Hauser, who was lying in bed, was found to be hurt by a sharp wound in the middle of it, concerning the size and quality of which, the court's medical officer has given the following report, which was entered into the protocol.

"The wound is upon the forehead, about 10½ lines from the root of the nose, running across it; so that two thirds of the wound are on the right, and one third of it on the left side of the forehead. The whole length of the wound, which runs in a straight line, is 19½ lines.

" At present, (October 20th) the edges of the wound are closed, and there scarcely remains an interstice of a quarter of a line between them. But this is somewhat broader at its left end than throughout the whole course of the wound; on which account it is to be presumed, that it there penetrated deepest.— As far as regards the origin of the wound it was evidently given to Hauser with a sharp cutting instrument, by a stroke or thrust(?). The sharp edges of the wound indicate the sharpness of the instrument's blade; the straightness of the wound indicates that it was occasioned by a stroke or thrust(?); because, if the wound had been purely a cut, its beginning and end would have been more shallow and narrow, but the middle deeper; and, on that very account, it would appear more gaping. It is however most probable, that it was made by a stroke; because, if it had been made by a thrust, the adjoining parts would have been more bruised." The wound, as the physician declared, was in itself inconsiderable; any other person would have been cured of it in six days. But, on account of the highly excitable state of

Caspar's nervous system, it was twentytwo days before he recovered from the consequences of his wound.

Caspar relates the substance of what happened, as follows: "On the 17th I had been obliged to put off the cyphering lesson which I attended every day, at Mr Erlangen's, from 11 to 12 o'clock; because, having, an hour before received a walnut from Dr Preu, I felt very ill; although I had not eaten more than a quarter of it. Professor Daumer, whom I informed of the circumstance, therefore told me, that I should this time not attend my usual cyphering lesson, but remain at home. Professor Daumer went out, and I retired to my chamber.

"I intended to employ myself in writing; but was prvented by indisposition from doing so, and compelled to go to the water-closet. While there, I heard a noise, like that which is usually heard when the door of the wood-room is opened, and which is well known to me; I also heard a soft sound of the house door bell; this, did not however appear to proceed from ringing it, but from some immediate contact with the bell itself.

Immediately after, I heard gentle footsteps from the lower passage; and at the same time I saw, through the space between the screen before the private closet and the small staircase, that a man was sneaking through the passage. I observed the entirely black head of the man, and thought it was the chimney sweeper. But, when I was afterwards preparing to leave the narrow apartment in which I was, and when my head was somewhat outside of it, the black man stood suddenly before me, and gave me a blow on the head; in consequence of which I immediately fell with my whole body on the ground." (Now follows a description of the man, which cannot well be communicated.) "Of the face and the hair of the man, I could perceive nothing; for he was veiled, and indeed, as I believe, with a black silk handkerchief drawn over his whole head.

"After I had lain, probably, for a considerable time, without consciousness, I came again to my senses. I felt something warm trickling down my face, and both of my hands, which I raised to my forehead, were in consequence

thereof stained with blood. Frightened at this, I intended to run to mother;* but, being seized with confusion and terror, (for I was still afraid, that the man who had struck me might attack me again,) instead of reaching mother's door, I ran to the clothes press before my room.† Here my sight failed me, and I endeavored to keep myself upright by holding fast to the press with my hands.‡ When I had recovered, I wished again to go to mother's; but, being still more confused and straying still further, instead of going up stairs, I discovered with horror that I had come down stairs, and was again in the passage. The trap door of the cellar was closed. Whence I got the strength to lift the heavy trap door, is to this very moment inconceivable to me. Nevertheless I did lift it, and slipped down into the cellar.§ By

* So he always called his foster mother, the mother of Professor Daumer.

† Every step of Caspar's, which is mentioned in the above narrative, was found to be marked with bloody traces.

‡ The bloody marks upon the press were still visible for several days afterwards.

§ How true and naturally, are here the effects of terror and of fear described!—That Caspar did not

the cold water in the cellar, through which I was obliged to walk, I was restored to a more perfect state of self-consciousness. I observed a dry spot on the floor of the cellar; and I sat down upon it. I had scarcely sat down, when I heard the clock strike twelve. I then began to reflect: 'here you are entirely forsaken, no one will look for you here.'— This thought filled my eyes with tears, until I was seized with vomiting, and then lost my recollection. When I again regained my recollection, I found myself in my room upon the bed, and mother by my side."

In respect to the manner in which he was wounded, I (the author of this) cannot join the opinion of the court.

I have several reasons, but which cannot with propriety be publicly made known, for

creep into the cellar through the open cellar door and that it was really necessary for him first to open it, is a matter of fact, which cannot be doubted; and it is equally true, that the opening of the cellar door, which to so feeble a person as Caspar was a Herculean labor, would at any other time or in any other circumstances, have been quite impossible to him.

believing that Caspar Hauser's wound was neither made by a stroke, nor by a thrust; neither with a sabre, with a hatchet, with a chisel, nor with a common knife made for cutting, but with another well known sharp cutting instrument; and that the wound was not aimed at the head but at the throat; but (because, at the sight of the man and of the armed fist which was suddenly extending itself towards his throat, Caspar instinctively stooped) that the blow glanced from his throat which was protected by his chin, and was led upwards. The person who committed the act may have thought, when Caspar immediately fell down bleeding, that it had fully succeeded; and he dared not to remain any longer by his victim in order to examine whether it had fully succeeded or not, and in case it had not to repeat the blow, because, on account of the situation of the place, he had every moment great reason to fear that he would be detected by somebody. Thus Caspar escaped, with a wound on the forehead.

Other indications that might lead to the

discovery of the person who had committed the act, were soon discovered. Among others for instance, it was discovered that, on the same day and in the same hour when the deed was done, the man described by Caspar was seen to go out of Daumer's house; that nearly about the same time, the same well dressed person described by Caspar was seen washing his hands (which were probably bloody,) in a water trough which stands in the street, not very far from Daumer's house; that, about four days after the deed, a well dressed gentleman, who wore clothes like those worn by the black man described by Hauser, went up to a low woman who was going to the city, and questioned her earnestly concerning the life or death of the wounded Caspar; that he then went with this woman close to the gate, where a handbill was to be seen concerning Hauser's wound, which had been stuck up by the magistracy; and that he afterwards, without entering the city, absented himself in a very suspicious manner, &c.

But, if the reader's curiosity or his love of

knowledge should inspire him with a wish to learn still more; if he should ask me what were the results of the judicial inquiries which were instituted; if he should desire to know, to what tracks they have led, what spots were actually struck by the divining rod, and what was afterwards done; I shall be under the necessity of answering, that the laws, as well as the nature of the case, forbid the author to speak publicly of things, which only the servant of the state can be permitted to know or to conjecture. Yet I may permit myself to pronounce the assurance, that the judicial authorities have, with a faithfulness at once unwearied and regardless of consequences, endeavored to prosecute their inquiries concerning the case, by the aid of every, even the most extraordinary means, which were at their disposal; and, that their inquiries have not been altogether unsuccessful.

But, not all heights, depths, and distances, are accessible to the reach of civil justice. And, in respect to many places in which justice might have reason to seek the giant perpetrator of such a crime, it would be necessary,

in order to penetrate into them, to be in possession of Joshua's ram's horns, or at least of Oberon's horn, in order, for some time at least, to suspend the action of the powerful enchanted Colossuses that guard the golden gates of certain castles.

But what is veiled in blackest shades of night,
Must, when the morning dawns, be brought to light.

CHAPTER VIII.

If Caspar, who may now be reckoned among civilized and well behaved men, were to enter a mixed company without being known, he would strike every one as a strange phenomenon.

His face, in which the soft traits of childhood mingle with the harsher features of manhood, and a heart-winning friendliness with thoughtful seriousness tinctured with a slight tinge of melancholy; his naïvete, his confidential openness, and his often more than childish inexperience, combined with a kind of sageness, and (though without affectation,) with something of the gravity of a man of rank in his speech and demeanor; then, the awkwardness of his language, sometimes at a loss for words and sometimes using such as have a harsh and foreign sound, as well as the stiffness of his deportment and his unpliant movements;—all these, make him appear to every observant eye, as a

mingled compound of child, youth, and man, while it seems impossible at the first glance, to determine to which compartment of life, this prepossessing combination of them all properly belongs.

In his mind, there appears nothing of genius; not even any remarkable talent;* what he learns, he owes to an obstinately persevering application. Also the wild flame of that fiery zeal, with which in the beginning he seemed anxious to burst open all the gates of science, has long since been extinguished. In all things that he undertakes, he remains stationary, either at the commencement, or when arrived at mediocrity. Without a spark of fancy, incapable of uttering a single pleasantry, or even of understanding a figurative expression, he possesses dry, but thoroughly sound common

* Except for horsemanship, of which he was always passionately fond. In managing his horse, as well as in mounting and dismounting with dexterity and elegance, he equals the most skilful riding master. To many of our most distinguished officers, Caspar is in this respect an object of admiration.

sense, and in respect to things which directly concern his person and which lie within the narrow sphere of his knowledge and experience, he shows an accuracy, and an acuteness of judgment, which might shame and confound many a learned pedant.

In understanding a man, in knowledge a little child, and in many things more ignorant than a child, the whole of his language and demeanor, shows often a strangely contrasted mingling of manly with childish behaviour. With a serious countenance and in a tone of great importance, he often utters things, which coming from any other person of the same age would be called stupid or silly; but which coming from him, always force upon us a sad compassionate smile. It is particularly farcical, to hear him speak of the future plans of his life; of the manner, in which, after having learned a great deal and earned money, he intends to settle himself with his wife, whom he considers as an indispensable part of domestic furniture.

He never thinks of a wife in any other manner than as a house-keeper, or as an

upper servant, whom a man may keep as long as she suits him, and may turn away again, if she frequently spoils his soup, and does not properly mend his shirts or brush his coats, &c.

Mild and gentle, without vicious inclinations, and without passions and strong emotions, his quiet mind resembles the smooth mirror of a lake in the stillness of a moonlight night. Incapable of hurting an animal, compassionate even to the worm, which he is afraid to tread upon, timid even to cowardice,* he will nevertheless act regardless of consequences, and even without forbearance, according to his own convictions, whenever he thinks it necessary, to defend or to execute purposes, which he has once perceived and acknowledged to be right. If he feels himself oppressed in his situation, he will long bear it patiently, and will endeavor to get out of the way of the person who is thus troublesome to him, or he will

* Particularly since the attempt made to murder him.

endeavor to effect a change in his conduct, by mild expostulations; but finally, if he cannot help himself in any other manner, as soon as an opportunity of doing so offers, he will very quietly slip off the bonds that confine him; yet without bearing the least malice against him who may have injured him. He is obedient, obliging, and yielding; but, the man that accuses him wrongfully, or asserts to be true what he believes to be untrue, need not expect, that from mere complaisance or from other considerations, he will submit to injustice or to falsehood; he will always modestly, but firmly, insist upon his right; or perhaps, if the other seems inclined obstinately to maintain his ground against him, he will silently leave him.

As a mature youth who has slept away his childhood and boyhood, too old to be considered as a child, and too childishly ignorant to be regarded as a young man; without companions of an equal age; without country, and without parents and relations; as it were the only being of his kind—every moment reminds him of his solitude amidst the bustle of the world that presses

upon him; of his weakness, feebleness and inability to combat against the power of those contingencies that rule his fate; and above all, of the dependence of his person upon the favor or disfavor of men. Hence, his expertness in observing men, which was almost forced upon him by the necessity of self-defence; hence the circumspect acuteness—which byill disposed persons has been called slyness and cunning — with which he quickly seizes their peculiarities and foibles, and knows how to accommodate himself to those who are able to do him good or harm, to avoid offences, to oblige them, adroitly to make known to them his wishes, and to render the good will of his favorers and friends serviceable to him. Neither childish tricks and wanton pranks, nor instances of mischief and malice, can be laid to his charge; for the first, he possesses too much cool deliberation and seriousness, and for the latter, he possesses too much good nature, combined with a love of justice, by the dictates of which he regulates his conduct with a scrupulous exactness, which without affectation approaches even to pedantry.

One of the greatest errors committed in the education of this young man and in the formation of his mind, was evidently, that, instead of forming his mind upon a model of common humanity suited to his individual peculiarities, he was sent a year or two ago to the gymnasium, where he was besides, made to commence in a higher class.* This poor neglected youth, who but shortly before, had for the first time cast a look into the world, and who was still deficient in so much knowledge which other children acquire at their mother's breast or in the laps of their nurses, was suddenly obliged to torment his head with the latin grammar and latin exercises; with Cornelius Nepos, and, finally even with Cæsar's Commentaries.

Screwed into the common forms of school

* From this situation he has, however, since I have been writing this small work, been delivered by the generosity of the noble Earl of Stanhope, who has formally adopted him as his foster-son.

He lives now at Ansbach, where he has lately been put under the care of an able schoolmaster, who has taken him to the house. Some time hence he will, under safe conduct, follow his beloved foster-father to England.

education, his mind suffered as it were its second imprisonment. As formerly the walls of his dungeon, so now, the walls of the school room excluded him from nature and from life; instead of useful things he was made to learn words and phrases, the sense of which, and their relation to things and conceptions, he was unable to comprehend; and thus, his childhood was, in the most unnatural manner lengthened. While he was thus wasting his time and the sufficiently scanty powers of his mind upon the dry trash of a grammar school, his mind continued to starve, for want of the most necessary knowledge of things which might have nourished and exhilarated it, which might have given him some indemnification for the loss of his youth, and might have served as a foundation for some useful employment of his time in future. "I do not know" — he would often say with vexation, and almost in despair — "I do not know, what good all these things are to do me, since I neither can nor wish to become a clergyman." When once a pedant said to him: "the Latin language is indispensably necessary for the sake of the German language; in order to have a thorough

knowledge of the German, it is necessary to learn the Latin," his good sense replied; " was it then necessary for the Romans to learn German in order to have a thorough knowledge of how they were to speak and write Latin?"

We may judge, how the Latin suited Caspar and Caspar the Latin, from the circumstance, that, when this bearded latinist was staying with me for a short time in the spring of 1831, he had not yet learned by experience, that objects of sight appear smaller at a distance than they really are. He wondered, that the trees of an alley in which we were walking became smaller and lower and the walk narrower at a distance; so that it appeared as if at length it would be impossible to pass them. He had not observed this at Nuremberg; and when he had walked down the alley with me, he was astonished, as if he had been looking upon the effects of magic, to find that all these trees were equally high, and that the walk was everywhere equally broad.

The oppressive consciousness of his ignorance, helplessness and dependence; the

conviction that he shoul d never be able to regain his lost youth, to equal those who were of the same age with him, and to become a useful man in the world ; that, not only had the most beautiful part of man's life been taken away from him, but that also the whole remainder of his life had been crippled and rendered miserable ; and finally, that besides all this, the miserable remainder of his respited life, was every moment threatened by a secret enemy, — by the dagger of an assassin ; — these are the miserable contents of the tale that is told by the clouds of grief which overhang his brow, and not unfrequently, pour themselves forth in tears and sorrowing lamentations.

During the time while he was staying at my house, I often took him along with me in my walks ; and I conducted him once, on a pleasant morning, up one of our so called mountains, where a beautiful and cheerful prospect opens upon the handsome city lying beneath it, and upon a lovely valley surrounded by hills. Caspar was for a moment highly delighted with the view ; but he soon became silent and sad.

To my question concerning the reason of his altered humor, he replied: "I was just thinking, how many beautiful things there are in the world, and how hard it is for me to have lived so long, and to have seen nothing of them; and how happy children are, who have been able to see all these things from their earliest infancy, and can still look at them. I am already so old, and am still obliged to learn what children knew long ago. I wish I had never come out of my cage; he who put me there, should have left me there. Then I should never have known and felt the want of anything; and I should never have experienced the misery of never having been a child, and of having come so late into the world." I endeavored to pacify him by telling him, "that in respect to the beauties of nature, there was no great cause for regretting his fate in comparison with that of other children and men, who had been in the world since their childhood. Most men, having grown up amidst these glorious sights, and considering them as common things which they see every day, regard them with indifference; and retaining

the same insensibility throughout their whole life, they feel no more at beholding them, than animals, grazing in a meadow. For him (Caspar,) who had entered upon life as a young man, they had been preserved in all their freshness and purity; and hereby no small indemnification was given him for the loss of his earlier years; for herein he possessed no inconsiderable advantage over others. He answered nothing, and seemed, if not convinced, yet somewhat comforted. But it will never be possible, at any time, entirely to comfort him respecting his fate. He is a tender tree, from which the crown has been taken, and the heart of whose root is gnawed by a worm.

In such states of mind, and thus feeling his situation, religion, faith in God, and a hope in providence founded upon that faith, could not but find entrance into a heart so much in need of comfort. He is now, in the true sense of the word, a pious man; he speaks with devotion of God, and is fond of reading books of rational edification. But to be sure, he would swear to none of the

symbolical books; and much less would he feel happy, in a devout assembly of the disciples of Hengstenberg and company.*

Taken by times away from the nursery tales of his early attendants, buried as a child, and raised again to life as a ripe young man, he brought with him, to the light of the world, a mind free from every kind of superstition. As in the beginning it was with difficulty that he could be made conscious of the existence of his own spirit, he is in no wise inclined to believe in spectral spirits. He laughs at the belief of spectral apparitions, as the most inconceivable of all human absurdities: he fears nothing, but the secret enemy whose murderous steel he has felt; and, if security could be given him, that he had nothing to fear from that man, he would walk at any hour of the night over a churchyard, and sleep without apprehension upon graves.

His present mode of life is that which is common to most men. With the exception

* He was educated in the evangelical-Lutheran religion, which most of the inhabitants of Nuremberg profess.

of pork, he eats all kinds of meats that are not seasoned with hot spices. His favorite condiments are still carraway, fennel, and coriander. His drink continues to be water; and only in the morning, he takes a cup of unspiced chocolate instead of it. All fermented liquors, beer and wine, as also tea and coffee, are still an abomination to him; and, if a few drops of them were forced upon him, they would infallibly make him sick.

The extraordinary, almost preternatural elevation of his senses, has also been diminished, and has almost sunk to the common level. He is indeed still able to see in the dark; so that, in respect to him, there exists no real night but only twilight; but he is no longer able to read in the dark nor to recognise the most minute objects in the dark at a great distance. Whereas he was formerly able to see much better and more distinctly in a dark night than by day-light, the contrary is now the case. Like other men, he is now able to bear, and he loves the light of the sun, which no longer distresses his eyes. Of the gigantic powers of his memory, and

of other astonishing qualities, not a trace remains. He no longer retains anything that is extraordinary, but his extraordinary fate, his indescribable goodness, and the exceeding amiableness of his disposition.

H° 157 82

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

MAY 82
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 029 785 518 9